The Bystander, February 17, 1915.—No. 585. Vol. XLV.

The BYSTANDER

Photographs *Lafayette and Sarony*

THE WAR-WEDDING OF THE WEEK

Lord and Lady Francis Scott (formerly Lady Eileen Elliott), whose marriage took place last week. The bridegroom, who is the youngest son of the late Duke of Buccleuch, is a Captain in the Grenadier Guards, and was seriously wounded in the war early in October. The bride is the eldest daughter of the late Lord Minto

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. STELLA THE LARK (Stella Carol). "EUROPE," Patriotic Spectacular Divertissement, and Varieties. Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinée (reduced prices) 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3527. General Manager, CHARLES B. COCHRAN.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. ELLALINE TERRISS and STANLEY BRETT, J. M. BARRIE'S "DER TAG," with LILIAN BRAITHWAITE and NORMAN McKINNEL, THE FOLLIES, JACK NORWORTH. 7541 Ger.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "BUSINESS AS USUAL," VIOLET LORAINE, UNITY MORE, CHRISTINE SILVER, HARRY TATE, MORRIS HARVEY, AMBROSE THORNE, VIVIAN FOSTER. Ger. 650.

DALY'S, Leicester Square, W. Every Evening at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' Production, "A COUNTRY GIRL." Matinées, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Box Office 10 to 10. Special Reduced Prices. Tel. Gerrard 201.

ST. JAMES'S. "KINGS and QUEENS" A New Play by Rudolf Besier. Every Evening, at 8.15. Matinée, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.30. GEORGE ALEXANDER. MARIE LÖHR.

THE CHURCH ARMY.

RECREATION HUTS

for Field Camps, manned by keen and obliging Evangelists.

Cost £200 for 70 x 25. Week's Working £2.

RECREATION ROOMS

for lonely sailors' and soldiers' wives in garrison centres. Cost £100 equipped for six months. News and welcome by cheery Sister.

Week's working £2.

TENTS BLOWN DOWN. 100 MORE HUTS Urgently Needed.

Cheques crossed Barclays', to Preb. Carlile, Headquarters, Marble Arch, W.

P & O

MAIL AND PASSENGER SERVICES

(Under contract with H. M. Government)

EGYPT, INDIA, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, &c.

Conveying Passengers and Merchandise to all Eastern Ports.

For further information apply P. & O. Steam Navigation Company 122, Leadenhall St., E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., London.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)

(*Incorporated under Royal Charter.*)

Founded 1851.

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.

Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.

Bankers—Messrs. Coutts & Co., 440, Strand. *Sec.*—Fred. W. Howell.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow To any part of the United Kingdom, ½*d.* per copy irrespective of weight. Canada, under 1lb. 1½*d.* To any other part of the world the weight would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

	Per Annum. At Home.	Canada.	Elsewhere Abroad.
"The Graphic" .. .. .. (including Summer and Christmas Nos.)	30/-	34/-	39/-
"The Daily Graphic"	39/-	—	52/-
"The Daily Graphic" .. .. .. (weekly part, 6 Nos.)	43/6	34/8	45/6
"The Bystander"	28/2	32/6	35/

All applications or Remittances should be sent direct to the Publisher, "The Graphic" Office, Tallis House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.

Paris Office for Subscriptions and Advertisements: Marc Dormoy, 35, Rue Lafayette.

A WONDERFUL TESTIMONY TO A REMARKABLE PICTURE.

FEW pictures in modern times have attracted such widespread notice as "The Great Sacrifice," Mr. James Clark's beautiful oil painting, which is reproduced in the Christmas Number of *The Graphic*. Through the medium of the popular high-class weekly it has come before an immense audience in all parts of the Empire, and it is still being eagerly sought by people who are anxious to preserve so fine a reflection of Great Britain's present elevated mood.

In response to numerous requests by the Clergy and other influential people, it has been decided to reissue this remarkable War Picture, in various forms suitable for Ecclesiastical and general use. This picture has brought forth unstinted praise from no fewer than thirteen Bishops. The original has been purchased by Her Majesty the Queen, and a replica is being painted for H.M. Queen Alexandra.

"The Great Sacrifice"

(a) *500 (only) Imitation Oils, framed complete, in Ecclesiastical Oak. Size* 32 x 22. *Suitable for Churches, Vestries, Mission Halls, etc.* ... One and a half Guineas each.

(b) *In Photogravure, framed complete. Size* 26 x 19. *Suitable for the Drawing-Room, Study or Sunday School* ... ... Seven Shillings and Sixpence each.
50 (only) Proof Copies signed by the Artist ... ... One Guinea each.

(c) *Merit Card in Colour for Sunday School Children. Suitable for the little one's own room. Size* 10 x 6¼ 25, 5/-; 50, 7/6; 75, 10/-; 100, 12/6

(d) *Easter Greetings Card in Colour. Size* 8¾ x 6. *A most beautiful reproduction. Complete in Envelopes, with personal Greetings printed in* 25. 6/6; 50, 10/-; 75, 15/-; 100, 20/-

(e) *Easter Services Card in Monotone. Size* 7¼ x 4¼. *With space for printing Services.* Five Shillings per 100.

Every order sent Carriage Paid to any address in the United Kingdom.

P. N. McFARLANE, TALLIS HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

LONDON, *February* 17, 1915.

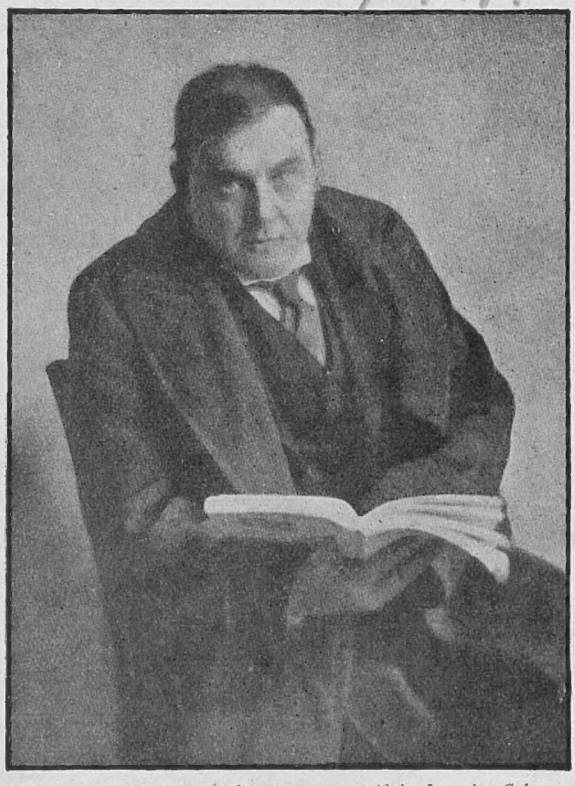
If you're waking, call us early, call us early, mother dear,
For to-morrow's to be the frightfullest day of all the bad New Year.

TO-MORROW is, of course, February the Eighteenth. The Eighteenth of February. 18.2.1915. The almanac doesn't give it as the anniversary of any event of the past. But it is marked for ineradicable place in the diaries of the future. It is to be the British black-letter day. To mention the 18th February, in any gathering of patriots, will be to provoke tears and curses. To be born, married, or to die on that date will be evidence of treachery, whereas, on the other hand, to be alive upon it will be scarcely decent. It will be a day of fast: a day of atonement: a day of wrath. We shall all go to bed on it—or, rather, we shall stop in bed through it. That is we, in England, shall.

* * *

The Day of Days

In Germany, of course, it will be different. It will be the day of days, *Der Tag der Tage*. People will be awakened by the thunder of cannon. Streets will be flagged out of all recognition. Beer will be consumed in reservoirs. People will embrace each other at sight. Upon it, babies—by careful pre-arrangement—will be born, and marriages celebrated in millions, and nobody will have the bad taste to die upon it. The Kaiser will drive out all day long, scattering Iron Crosses by the gross. Subject peoples—Frenchmen, Russians, Belgians, and other kindred *schweinhunde*—will be compelled by the police to dress, look, and act festively.



Special Camera Portrait by *Alvin Langdon Coburn*

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC

Whose writings and lectures on the War are doing wonders to promote clear thought and sense of proportion in the British popular mind

* * *

Exit the British Empire—

For the Eighteenth of February will be the day on which the British Empire definitely ceased to exist. It will be the day upon which the submarines of the German Empire, by official proclamation, came out and destroyed, at one fell swoop, while the British Fleet was asleep, the entire merchant shipping of the British Empire, to say nothing of all the transports conveying perfidious British mercenaries to the Continent.

* * *

—By Order of Von Tirpitz

That February 18 can possibly *fail* thus to figure in history is inconceivable. When the German Government prescribes that a certain thing shall happen on a certain date, *ipso facto*, it does happen—that is to say, it ought to happen. Which, in Germany, is the same thing. Even if a few British ships escape the submarines, and a few British transports get to France, these will be but tattered remnants. Even if the whole lot escape in mere actual fact their escape will be theoretically invalid, contrary to the spirit of *kultur*, perfidious, barbaric, inhuman, and, therefore, null and void. Von Tirpitz has spoken, and there's an end o't.

* * *

The Correct Thing to Do

Do not forget, therefore, to posture yourself becomingly on the Thursday of this week. Dress in black, eat black bread, drink black beer, talk darkly, and generally behave with some outward consciousness of the deadliness of the occasion.

* * *

A Bare Possibility

It is, barely possible, of course, that on the 18th February the persons responsible for the safety of British ships at sea will take it into their heads to do something. The submarine is, of course, quite a new phenomenon, and its capacity to sink ships one that will only be realised for the first time on the Day of Days. That it has only been used, in the past, against occasional battleships is quite understood by the British Admiralty to have been due to the nice and pedantic German regard for the laws of war and humanity. German submarines have, any day since the war began, been as able to act against British merchantmen and transports as they will be on February 18 and after. When, however, on previous occasions they have seen a British merchantman or transport, they have turned a blind periscope, and submarined away, restraining any impetuous zeal their

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

captains may have had to perform an act of frightfulness against non-combatants.

* *
*

The New Terror

On February 18 all will have suddenly changed. From being a kindly, humane creature, the German submarine skipper will be converted into a terrible fellow. He will act on a new code, and he will positively sink anything he sees at sight, regardless of its flag. And we, of course, we, the British and the neutrals, shall be smitten with an equally sudden helplessness.

* *
*

Heaven's Last Chance

At last the German alliance with God is to prove really decisive, for the Almighty is suddenly to paralyse our thousand-year-old capacity to hold our own at sea. Since August 4 He has shown a regrettable tendency to observe benevolent neutrality: to enable our ships of all sorts to escape—with a few exceptions—the terrors of the submarine. But now, the date of our *débâcle* having been notified in ample time for Heaven to make all the needed arrangements, Heaven will act accordingly or—It will be officially proclaimed an enemy, and doomed, on a carefully announced subsequent date, to suffer the inevitable penalties of perfidy.

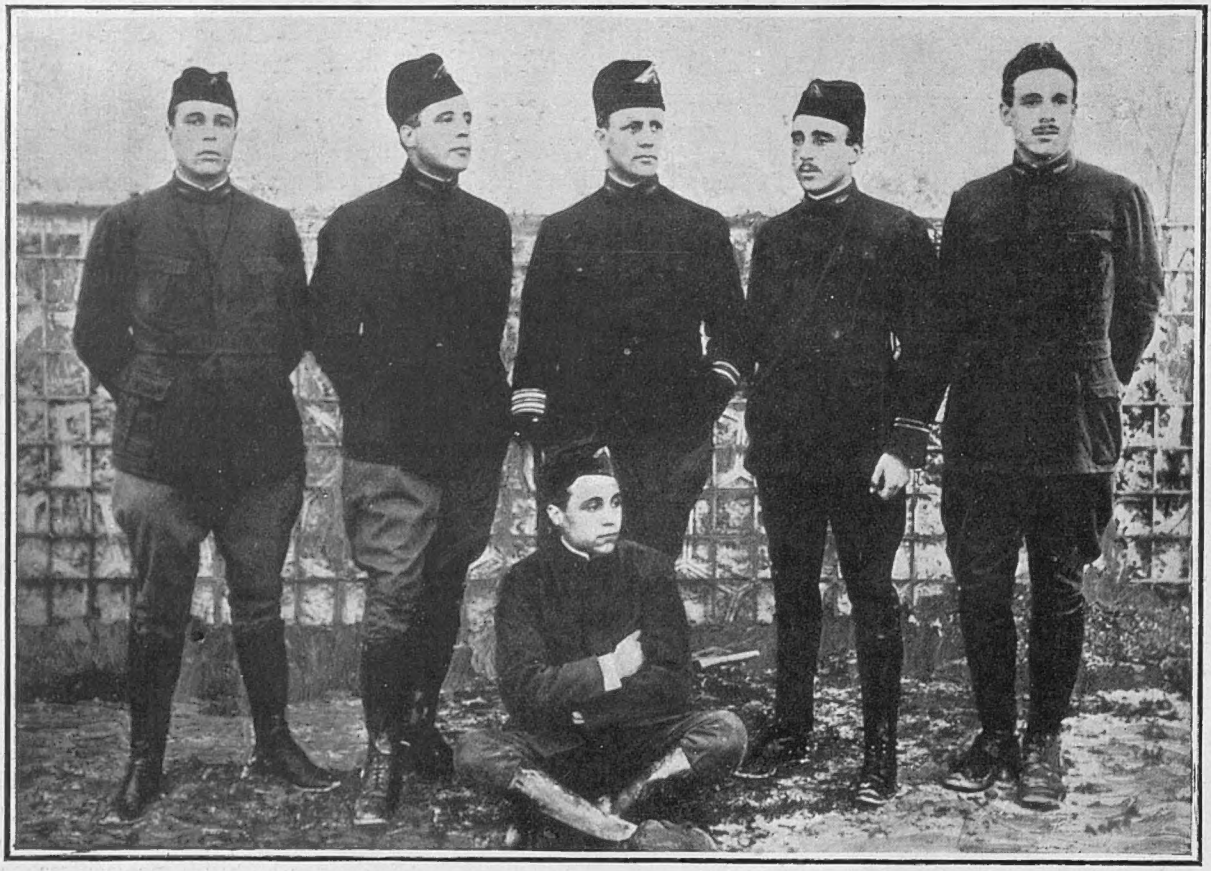
The "Warning Note" Again

An unaccountable fit of blue pessimism seized upon a group of newspapers at the latter end of last week. After months of cheerfulness, in which we were assured that everything was going for the best, we suddenly found emphasis laid on the gravity of a Russian retreat, and on the danger of a fresh German offensive in France. A Turkish claim to "victory" in the Caucasus was treated as if it might actually be true. A leading article warned us against "dangerous optimism."

* *
*

Remember Last August

Consequently an unfortunate section of the public got a bad fit of the blues, for which there was no special reason. Russian "strategic withdrawals" have been so frequent since the beginning of things that another of them ought to have caused no tears, especially as but a day or two before the same papers had been raving their heads off on account of the Russian success on the Bzura, with its loss of 50,000 to the Germans. The conduct of this particular group of newspapers did not, however, disturb those who have long memories. We remembered how, on certain previous occasions, these sheets had been similarly woe begone, particularly on a



GENERAL GARIBALDI AND HIS SIX SONS

Two of whom have been killed in the War. The other four are still fighting in France. Standing (left to right): Bruno (killed), Ricciotti, Sante, Constante (killed), Ezio. Seated: Guiseppe. The aged General's recent visits to France and England, though declared to be "entirely unofficial," are nevertheless understood to have been paid with a diplomatic object, which may have an important issue.

Caught—by "Sem"

IF NOT YET BY THE ARMIES OF THE CARICATURIST'S COUNTRY

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AS SEEN BY THE CARICATURIST "SEM"

"Sem" is famous for catching the character of his victims. According to him, the German Crown Prince has the face of one who is not altogether responsible for his actions. As his actions in a military sense have been ignominious failures, perhaps the Prince will forgive "Sem" for suggesting that he is not responsible for them

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded*)

certain Sunday in August, when all was said to have been up with the British Army. On each of these occasions there had followed a slight recruiting "boom."

***

An Exploded Press Theory

It is an obsession with this class of journal—that if you want to do anything with the British public you must make its flesh creep, its blood run cold, and its bones rattle. Maybe that has been true of the past. But this war has caused a marked psychological change among us. We have learned, by the example of our fighting men, the virtues of cool heads and long views. Mr. Hilaire Belloc has taught us to study big maps. The public, in fact, has grown out of the long clothes in which a section of its Press would dearly like to keep it, and is no longer in the mood to be alternately kissed and smacked, cuddled and kicked. It knows good news when it sees it, and it knows bad news. It also knows a *lie*, when it sees it, whether in a home or a foreign newspaper: also a stupidity.

***

Making Too Much of It

On the morrow of the "Russian retreat" scare, it received a good specimen of this latter brand of goods. Quite a creditable bit of scouting work was done by the air-fleet over Flanders. As is usual in this department of war, the damage actually done does not seem to have amounted to very much. Some railway stations are alleged to have been destroyed, while some of the buildings at Zeebrugge seem again to have been damaged. To that "wonderful che-ild," our halfpenny press, however, this air raid defies adequate description. In sheer joy at it we are allowed completely to forget the Russian retreat. Exhibitions of this kind almost make me desire to see the Government take an even more drastic control over the Press than they exercise already. A measure forbidding the use of headlines over a column in width and restricted to a moderate size would do wonders to induce clear thinking. I would also have a rigid censorship over news-placards.

Photograph *Barnett*

LT.-COL. MURRAY-THRIEPLAND

Whose selection as the officer authorised to raise a new battalion, "The Welsh Guards," which is to be added to the Brigade of Guards, has been approved by the King

***

What the Airman Himself Thinks

The man who despises most of all the exaggerated attention given to airmanship, is the airman. He knows perfectly well that his work is auxiliary to naval and military operations, and that bomb-dropping here and there does not affect the course of the campaign by one iota. He dislikes being made a popular hero for merely doing his duty, which is infinitely more thrilling and generally satisfying than that of his pal in the trenches.

***

The Eastern See-Saw

As to the German advance from East Prussia, everything depends on how far it is part and parcel of the general campaign against Warsaw. If Warsaw continues to hold out, it does not seem to matter very much which of the two armies holds which position in the northern swamps. It's been a game of see-saw ever since the war began.

***

Naturally!

German Press conclusions on the subject of the Falkland Islands fight are that the German warships are "superior." Naturally they must be—in the good place to which they have gone.

SOMETHING TO MAKE THEM THINK

The Kaiser and the Crown Prince watching a march past of Garibaldian prisoners of war. They are doubtless wondering how many more of these prisoners' compatriots are ready to take their places at the front

Doers of Their Duty

THE AIRMEN WHO SUCCESSFULLY RAIDED THE FLEMISH COAST

FLIGHT-COMMANDER GRAHAME WHITE (left)

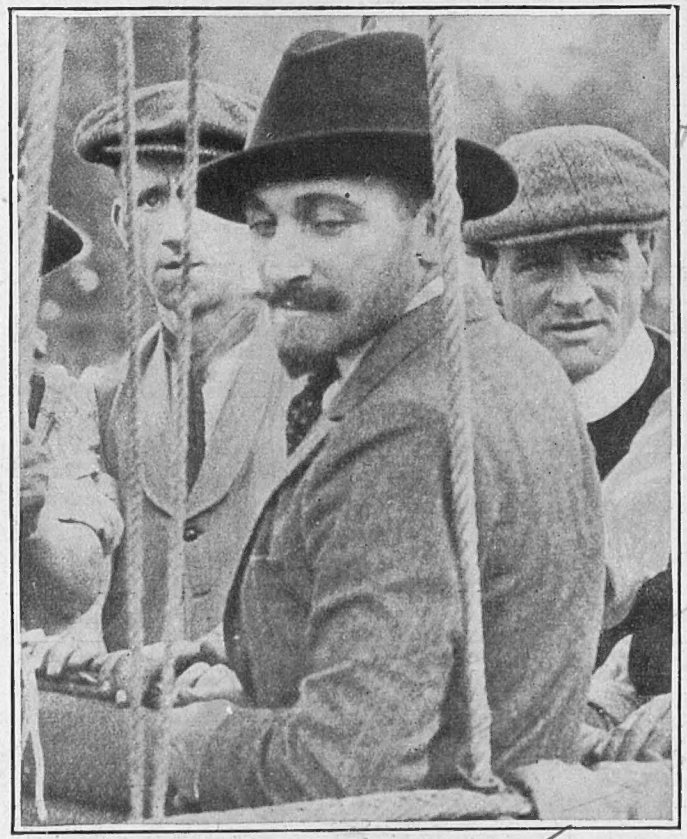
Who fell into the sea but was safely rescued, talking to his colleague, Squad.-Com. Porte

THE exact value of such air-raids as that of Friday last, by thirty-four aeroplanes, over the coast-towns of Flanders, is only known to the naval and military authorities. No doubt much valuable observation work is accomplished, especially when so many machines take part. So far as the public know, the damage is the reputed destruction of the Ostend railway station, and some havoc at Zeebrugge and Blankenberghe. Judging by the extraordinarily enthusiastic and heavily headlined descriptions of the London Press, however, the excursion would seem to have been of exceptional tactical value. Our congratulations to all concerned on their work, and to Mr. Grahame White on his lucky escape from drowning

Photograph *Sport and General*

WING-COMMANDER LONGMORE

Second in command under Wing-Com. Samson. These two were among the first three naval men to take up flying



WING-COMMANDER SAMSON

Who was in command of the expedition. He was the first man to fly off a moving battleship

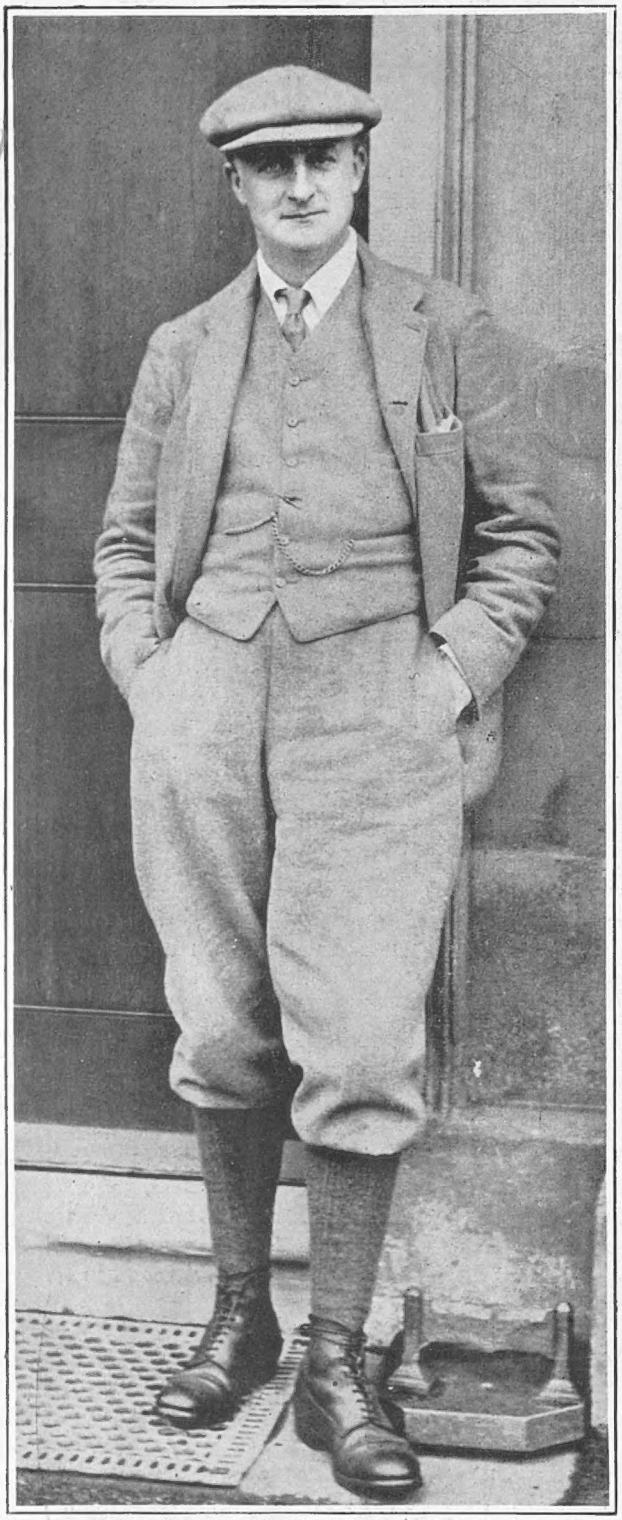
Photograph *Sport and General*

SQUADRON-COMMANDER PORTE

He was in command of a submarine, when he went over to the other element quite in the early days of naval flight

Ministerial Smiles

THE MEANING OF WHICH WE—AND THE ENEMY—WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO FATHOM



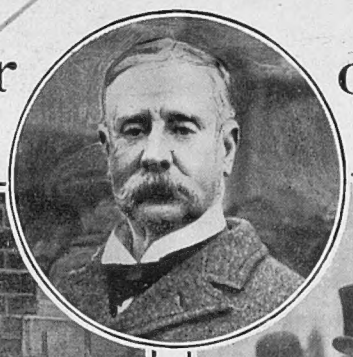
SIR EDWARD GREY RESTING AT HOWICK CASTLE

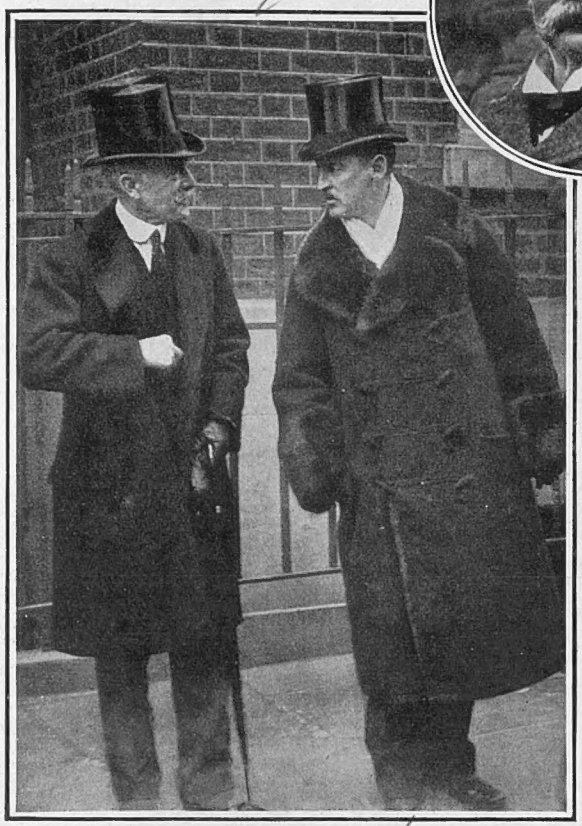
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL IN WHITEHALL LAST TUESDAY

German caricaturists invariably depict British Cabinet Ministers, especially Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Winston Churchill, as cadaverous, glowering ruffians, the scowls on whose faces are typical of the craven fear which is the leading emotion of the perfidious, shopkeeping nation. Whenever the camera man succeeds, however—as above—in catching either of these statesmen, their faces are illuminated with smiles. In Sir Edward Grey's case the smile is typical of the man. He who strove, as all the world outside Germany admits, to keep the peace of Europe, was disappointed. Nevertheless, he has an easy confidence that all will soon be right with the world, and that Nemesis will fall upon those who so devilishly stood in the way of Peace. As to Mr. Churchill, his smile is invariably that of the man who, no matter what the occasion, has confidence that he knows how to deal with it. When the above snapshot was taken, the subject uppermost in his mind can only have been the "blockade" of England declared from Berlin. Exactly how far it has terrors for the First Lord may be seen by a glance at the photograph. As Winston smiles, so do those who put their trust in him

A Lost Leader of Unionism

MOURNED BY HIS COLLEAGUES





THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH (right)

THE LATE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY

LORD LANSDOWNE AND THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

MR. AND MRS. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

MR. BONAR LAW AND HIS DAUGHTER, WITH LADY FRIEND

The late Lord Londonderry, whose death occurred on the 8th inst., had a distinguished career, not only as a politician but also as a man of business and a sportsman, and his death is just as great a loss socially as it is politically. None of the leaders of the Unionist party exerted himself more than did Lord Londonderry to make himself personally acquainted with its supporters in Parliament and to obtain their views at first hand. This was, perhaps, the secret of his great popularity, which is shown by the profound regret that has been expressed throughout the Country at his decease

The Volunteer Bubble

BY "DOWNWRITER"

EXPERTS in humour pronounce the British variety to excel in what is called euphemism—that is, of course, the calling of a thing by some other than its proper name. A man asking a friend to have a drink suggests a "tiddly" or "a quick one." Lodgings are "diggings." A wife is an "old Dutch" or a "missus." Mother is "the mater," father "the guv'nor," children are "nippers." As for a spade, if there is one thing we are disinclined above all to call it, it is a "spade."

Even in our serious attitudes we love euphemism. If a thing to which we are devoted, and find necessary, bear a name of ill-repute, we like to call it something else, and in so doing try to convince ourselves and others that it really is different from what it appears to be. Thus, if we believe in Home Rule, but don't like to say so, we call ourselves "Devolutionists." If we believe in Protection, but fear to be charged with wanting to revive the Hungry Forties, we call ourselves Tariff Reformers. At the present moment we are all very proud before the world of our "Volunteer" Army.

The word "volunteer" hath a pleasing sound, whereas the word "conscript" suggests "militarism." This is, of course, a war against militarism, so we must at all costs avoid the use of the phraseology of that evil thing. The thing itself, however, is here with us, and doing nicely, thank you. Politely, pleasantly, but not the less effectually, Britain is now a military, and, therefore, a militarist, nation. The Army has precedence in all things—rightly so! The man in uniform, no matter of what kind, has a place of honour in the community. He has the monopoly of the smiles of Femininity, of the approving words of Age, of the encomiums of poets, preachers, leader-writers, artists. To get into uniform of some kind, and thus to be among the favoured ones, is the immediate aim and object of the most un-militaristic men in the land—and women, too, for that matter.

The *fons et origo* of the Home Defence Movement is the desire of many excellent civilians to escape the stigma of remaining in that non-militarist state of life which it is the avowed object of the war against Germany to perpetuate. In order to deal the final and staggering blow to Continental militarism, the Nation of Civilians has "voluntarily" become the most militarist of the lot. Civilian and pacifistic sentiment is practically non-existent in the England of to-day.

In our new-found love of uniforms, we have conveniently forgotten the original objects for which we went to war—if I remember rightly it was a "war to end war." What we most anxiously look forward to see is England militarised even more than it is. And we are doing this thing, mind you, by Voluntarism. Compulsion? No. The Government has passed no law. The recruiting sergeant has drugged nobody's drinks. Nominally the life of the community goes on as usual. But somehow or another we have mobilised that Army of three millions. We have got in training, or on active service, practically as many men as it will be possible to clothe, feed, and equip for employment during the present war, which economists tell us cannot possibly last, *en grande tenue*, more than a few more months. True, we are asking for more, and yet more, and more we shall get.

There is a certain number of young and youngish men left at large in the country. But they are not civilians in soul. Their hearts are in uniform. Hundreds of thousands of them belong to Volunteer Corps, the chief aim and object of the leaders of which is to get their men into uniform at the earliest possible moment. In order to get "recognised"—that is, to get uniforms and rifles—these leaders have sold the volunteer character of the movement. No longer is it the object of these corps primarily to provide a Home Defence Reserve. On their advertisements they avow that object to be "to promote recruiting for the Regular Army."

Volunteers of military age are only allowed to continue in their corps if they undertake to be recruited when called upon. They are merely Regulars in waiting. The remainder—the over-age contingent—may regard themselves as Volunteers, if they like, but the War Office has made it abundantly clear that its interest in these gentlemen is of the slightest. Mr. Tennant, the Under-Secretary, has bluntly told them that he doesn't think much of men who, as an alternative to going and fighting for their country, "stay at home, dress up in a uniform, and strut about."

Officialdom thus makes it clear enough that it has no use for Volunteers at all unless they aren't Volunteers. It doesn't, apparently, foresee any military use for the stay-at-home strutters. A few days before, the same Under-Secretary announced that the Trades Unions had now been asked to use their "influence" to persuade men of military age to enlist, and to replace them by men over age or—by WOMEN. But a few weeks before, the Recruiting Department had advertised broadcast inviting employers to help recruiting by "persuading" their servants of military age. This came after a prolonged campaign in Press and on platform, in which very rude remarks were made by people in very high positions at the expense of all men who had not yet joined.

To be a civilian—that is, to be the *beau-ideal* type for the preservation of which against "militarism" this Great War is being fought—is to be something very disreputable, the object of scorn and derision. Does one complain that this thing should be? In heaven's name, no! We are as proud of the rally to the colours of the English citizen as anybody living. But, though willing to call the proverbial spade by any other name that may happen to be fashionable, we do like, lingeringly and languishingly, to remember that the thing *is* a spade. DOWNWRITER

In Poland—Now

PRUSSIAN POLE TO RUSSIAN DITTO: "You git me your flag und I gif you mine, und ven ve get back ve vos both decorated, ain't it?"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

"—in half the Mayfair houses daughters in dozens either out or coming out, with nothing (quite properly) to amuse them"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

LONDON, *February* 15, 1915.

DEAR COUSIN—

THERE'S a proverb—"Salmon and sermons have their season in Lent." But it's out of date, as proverbs have a way of being these days. Salmon-fishing, like pheasant-shooting, is plainly one of the arts of peace (and plenty), and as for sermons—sackcloth and ashes aren't "done" any more, anyway. And as far as chastening goes, a bout or two of the influenza which is prowling about just now is surely sufficient for even the most miserable of sinners.

* * *

If anyone's keeping Lent this year it's the débutantes, whether they want to or not. And, really, it's very hard lines—the complete absence of any sort of an early season whatsoever, not to speak of the quite proper and commendable shortage of young men. Picture to yourself—with two Royal débutantes and in half the Mayfair houses daughters in dozens either out or coming out—what parties on parties would be being given for them, and what gorgeous times they'd be having.

* * *

Lent is the maiden's moment, I always think. She goes with the season, so to speak. East winds and piercing spring sunshine are tonics to sweet seventeen, and it's not till after Easter that that dangerous element, the "young married woman," returns from warmer climes and takes the limelight.

* * *

But this year there is nothing (quite properly, again!) to amuse them. No early Courts, no big dances (the impromptu hop and the dinner-dance don't count), no opera, no polo at Ranelagh or Hurlingham, no joy rides or moonlight junketings down the river, such as became so very much "it" last season, no great charity bazaars or fêtes, no country-house parties, no amateur theatricals, no Saturday afternoons at Hendon, hardly any hunting or racing, and, again, hardly any men—well, well, a débutante's life is not a happy one—as why should it be?

* * *

Not all of them can go in for the fashionable occupation of the moment—nursing. Though such always-in-the-movement young women as Lady Diana Manners, Lady Betty Keppel, Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, Miss Monica Grenfell, and one of Sir Herbert Tree's daughters have donned since the war began what can be the most becoming of uniforms, and are now learning in various hospitals how to wash inebriated coal-heavers, how only doctors (and duchesses) may sit on the bed, etc., etc.

By the way, after the anyway *varied* conversation of Mayfair, where people do at least say what they think, if it's only about horses, and don't keep on dishing-up the same old remarks in the same old way until, as the writer of "Joking Apart" puts it, those of us who feel boredom begin to scream and cry and throw the food about—after this I should think the chit-chat of the nursing community might easily pall a bit, too.

* * *

If you've ever been ill enough to be nursed you know the sort of thing. "He said, 'Nurse, he says, do you ever get a night off?'" "I gave her a look and she says. . . ." "It wasn't my work, and I told her so. . . ." And to the patient who has weakly given way, "It's no use *crying* about it. . . ."

* * *

Talking of—well, of talking, Parliament's hard at it, week-ends excepted, of course; you can't work *all* the time, naturally, for a mere £400 a year and the kudos. They have asked so many questions that already the P.M., adopting a quasi-patriotic, quasi-injured attitude, has said one might really think there wasn't a war at all, people are so tiresome.

* * *

One of the things M.P.'s have been too inquisitive about is that really rather important one—enemy aliens, of which they say there are actually still some 22,000 at large in London alone, and getting on for 2,000 in the prohibited coast areas. Aren't we an *amazing* people? You'd almost think Germany was Mr. McKenna's "spiritual home," as well as Lord Haldane's.

* * *

Lord Kitchener's taken up residence at York House—which rather puts the stopper on the rumours about his being fed-up with office work and red tape and anxious to go to the front. But you never can tell. Our "War Lord," though, is not quite the

anchorite some people think him, and Royal quarters have, of course, a glamour if you're not too artistic and can live in a perpetual atmosphere of red velvet and gold paint without feeling ill.

* * *

All the sensible people are hoping he'll stay where he is, of course, even if the political crowd does worry him. He's such an *absolutely* first-class organiser, knows down to the last boot-lace exactly what an army must have, and sees that it has it. That sort of ability is rarer than you might think. Much rarer than the leadership kind—in England, anyway.

* * *

The other man we're all talking about is Mr. Churchill. He's got that look in his eye that makes one—well, anxious. You feel he's up to something, and you'd very much like to know what. They say he sighs for other fields to conquer—on land this time, for a change. It seems running the Navy's too tame for him, even with a wireless on the Admiralty, and I suppose his American blood naturally sizzles at the slow, but sure, methods of phlegmatic British Admirals.

* * *

The rumour has got about, I expect, because he's paid a good many visits lately to Headquarters across the Channel. Not that that means much—they've all been over, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bonar Law, Sir John Simon, Mr. Pease, *and* Mr. Lloyd George. The Chancellor had his old friend and financial adviser, Lord Murray, with him, fatter than ever, while he himself looked almost as sleek with his hair brushed smoothly and neatly back, quite in a new way for him. The other member of the "old firm," Lord Reading, has made his trip to the trenches, too.

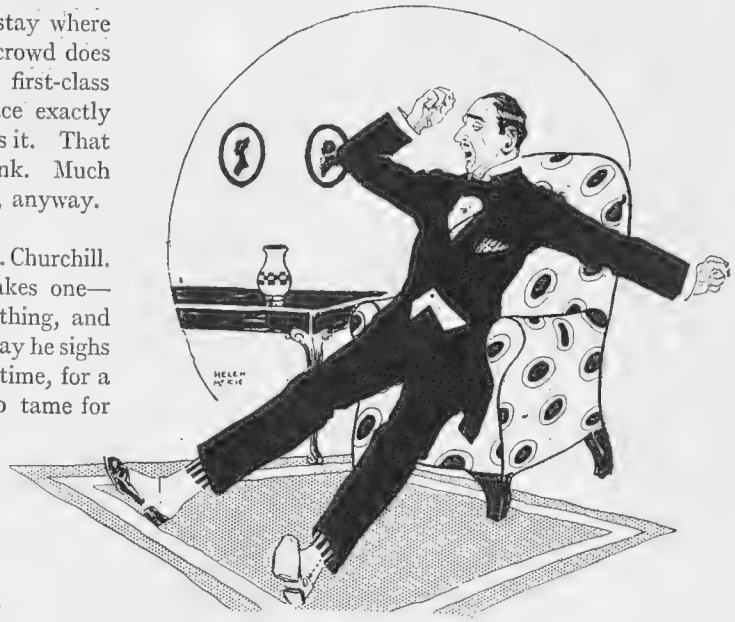
* * *

"But £5 for half-yard of silk and a cock sparrow's wing and a bit of wire is rather a lot, isn't it?"

Rather a nuisance, some of these wandering politicians are, so it's whispered. It is said that their motor-cars behind the lines have even given away the position as well as drawn the enemy's fire; and I hear people over there are quite relieved that Parliament's at last sitting again. "Keeps them away from *us*, anyway!" to quote a busy soldier-man who'd had to trot them round.

* * *

Apropos of politicians, I suppose we must keep our eye now on Mr. Neil Primrose and Mr. Cecil Harmsworth as the men of the future. They've each just got an Under-Secretaryship, which is sometimes the stepping-stone to place and power—sometimes not. One's the son of a great man, anyway, and the other the brother of a powerful one. Mr. Primrose is like his father to look at, only different—I mean, all Lord Rosebery's children "take after" the



"Those of us who feel boredom begin to scream"

Rothschilds and Cohens, their mother's people. And he dresses in the traditional style of a rising young man in Parliament, too. Rich, but restrained.

* * *

Talking of money, by the way, war-time is having rather an odd effect here. Necessities like bread, flour, meat, milk, and coal are all going up in price as fast as ever they can. Luxuries are coming down. Pearls, pears, and peaches, I'm told, are half price—though I haven't tried to buy any. Motor-cars, any number of horse-power, are going cheap, and pet Poms and Pekes of positively priceless pedigree can be got for a couple of pounds or so.

* * *

But I haven't noticed that the new spring straw hats—which always come in with the snowdrops—are being given away exactly. "A hundred per cent, that's the usual profit on hats," said the ex-milliner who won her case for breach in the Courts last week. And I can quite believe it. We all pay it, of course—you have to. But £5 for half a yard of silk and a cock-sparrow's wing and a bit of wire *is* rather a lot, isn't it?

* * *

But our clothes will cost us more, I suppose, just like our food—naturally the dressmakers and people mean to make those who *do* buy clothes pay for all those who *don't*. And they're sure to charge extra, too, for those new five-yards-round skirts, though I remember they didn't bring their charges down when skimpiness came into fashion.

* * *

As to clothes, what a funny way Royalties have of going against fashions instead of with them. The Queen, you know, has never gone in for our recent economies in material. Now everyone's wearing hardly any jewels and the darkest clothes. But Princess Arthur was having tea at Claridge's the other day in red, and the Queen appeared at the very first function she's attended since the war in a quite bright

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

purple, with lots of diamonds, with Princess Mary in pale blue—the débutante's colour *de rigueur*.

* * *

Perhaps it would be better if we did all wear colours. But you know what it is—one can't. This dreary, dreadful war has wiped the colour out of life for so many, and it goes on and on, and the end isn't in sight yet for any but the most optimistic. As I go among the war's widows and the war's sonless mothers and fatherless children, I get just an inkling of what war really means, you know. For the poor, any way, nothing beautiful or colourful. For the rich, of course, there are always consolations.

* * *

Most of the decent women, by the way, are having a pretty hard struggle to make ends meet—especially since the price of food rose so high. But, anyway, there isn't much left out of 21*s*. 6*d*. when you've kept yourself and two children and paid your rent and your gas and your coal and your food.

* * *

"I can *just* manage *if* the children keep well and *if* I haven't got to buy them boots," a soldier's wife has just told me. But that's the trouble. Through a London winter, with none too much to eat, and what they do eat none too good, not many London children do keep well. And the leather on cheap boots isn't everlasting.

* * *

But as for the sons and the husbands and the fathers, they say the almost perfect organisation of their food supplies has really done away with half the terrors of war, though they're terrible enough still in all conscience. The A.S.C. has simply surpassed itself. Fresh meat three times a day, stuff in tins, and bacon in between, and every day jam, tea, biscuits, sugar, rum—this is practically every British soldier's portion, even in the trenches.

* * *

At home in the camps and huts I've heard some of them could "do with a little more of it," and wish army cooks could roast as well as stew. But that's the nearest to a grumble, while we all know of the recruits who've grown out of their uniforms.

* * *

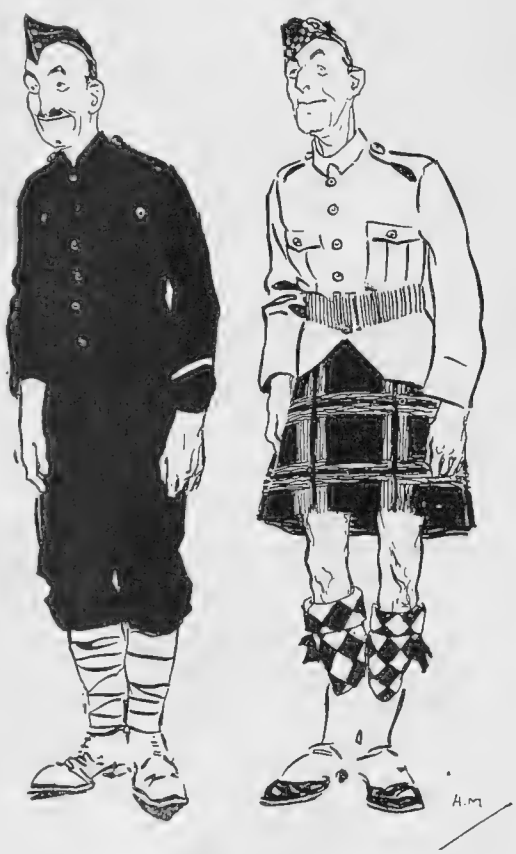
There's a Portrait Painter's Show in Piccadilly (with Mr. Glyn Philpot and Mr. Lambert as usual, the outstanding showmen), and crocuses in the Park, and the new hats aforesaid in the shops, and crowds of people everywhere—altogether the London stage seems set for things not a bit like war. But little passing things remind you.

* * *

Perhaps it's the Queen of the Belgians, so tall and slim and pale, driving swiftly through the gates of Buckingham Palace, or, perhaps, it's that now dreadfully common sight—our sick and wounded men. Acute rheumatism is the trouble with many of them, but some, mere boys, have lost an arm or a leg—with all life still before them! Others, though these one hears of rather than sees, have lost even more than limbs—their nerve, their self-control, all that makes a man a god instead of an animal.

* * *

It's sights like these that make one surer than ever what a hateful and outrageous thing war is—and of how utterly we lack imagination. A little French girl came with us to one of the dinner-dances at Princes, but in the middle of the first course, as the dancers gaily one-stepped round us, she dissolved into floods of tears. "You're so gay here," she said, "but out there. . . ." The rest of us hadn't thought of it.



"We all know of the recruits who've grown out of their uniforms"

* * *

Dom Manoel's home at Brighton for convalescent officers adds yet another to a long list that's still not long enough from all accounts, for many convalescents, in the ranks, anyway, are convalescing under anything but comfortable circumstances. It seemed rather surprising at first, by the way, that Queen Augustina's name should not be mentioned in connection with her consort's first charitable enterprise. But the poor lady is spending her first year of life in England under very trying circumstances, of course, and they say she's really extremely tactful for a German.

* * *

There's a matinée for the wounded Indians this week, and Queen Alexandra's to be present, as well as Princess Louise. The Queen Dowager, you know, was never exactly a devoted aunt to her husband's nephew, the Kaiser. Her lack of enthusiasm for "dear little Willie" more than once got her into trouble with that august old lady, her mother-in-law, who cherished it as one of her comforting articles of faith that her children, and her children's children, could do no wrong. And Her Majesty's taking no risks now. She's not been to her East Coast home since the war started.

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHE

A Diplomatic Surprise

THE CHANGE IN THE PERSONNEL OF THE BELGIAN LEGATION

Photograph *Sarony*

COMTESSE ISABELLE DE LALAING
One of last season's débutantes

Photograph *Swaine*

THE COMTESSE DE LALAING
A popular hostess

Photograph *Vandyk*

THE COMTE DE LALAING
Retiring Belgian Minister in London

Some curiosity attaches to the resignation of the Comte de Lalaing from the Belgian Legation. Ill-health is the reason given—and accepted. But that Belgium should change her representative in London at the present crisis in her history arouses regret

Made In ——

A WEEK OF GERMAN WAR NEWS

MONDAY.—On the Western front we have made some slight progress, having annihilated two army corps and captured 999,998 prisoners. Our artillery engaged the enemy's batteries, and silenced all their guns except one (which happened to be at the base undergoing repairs). In the course of the day one of our men had his spectacles broken.

In the East we have captured St. Petersburg and Moscow, and are gradually driving the enemy into Siberia. In one skirmish alone between two cavalry regiments over 30,000 of the enemy were killed, and we took 49,999 prisoners with 199,996 horses.

TUESDAY.—The enemy continue to surrender in inconveniently large numbers. Every soldier has now at least 500 prisoners to guard. The enemy's sole remaining gun—a pom-pom—shelled our trenches without result. In the Argonne we have blown up the whole district, including General —— (deleted by Censor) and the Headquarters Staff. Two of our soldiers have died of croup. In the East one of our aeroplanes has overtaken the routed army of the enemy and completely surrounded it. Its surrender is now only a question of moments.

WEDNESDAY.—In the West we have again silenced the enemy's artillery and completely destroyed it. It is hoped we shall have no further trouble in that quarter. Our infantry have carried all the trenches they could find at the point of the bayonet, capturing many thousand prisoners. One regiment was captured by a very simple strategem. They advanced in force against our trenches which we immediately evacuated and they occupied them, thus becoming our prisoners, and as they swore they would not leave these trenches we accepted their parole. We have taken Dunkirk and Calais, our Zeppelins are now bombarding London, and have already destroyed the fortresses of Clerkenwell and Upper Tooting. The nervous strain on the individual soldier in guarding so many thousand prisoners single-handed is becoming unbearable, and there have been several cases of collapse. On the Eastern front there is nothing to report, except that the enemy's army has surrendered unconditionally.

THURSDAY.—In the West the situation remains practically unchanged. The 99th and 100th Army Corps have swum the Channel and occupied Dover and Folkestone without losing a single man. In the region of the Yser the enemy still cling obstinately to their trenches, regardless of the fact that they have been annihilated several times. Their only gun has been blown up by mines, destroyed by air-bombs, and put out of action by shell-fire, but it still continues to offer a futile resistance to our advance. The end, however, is in sight. In Poland the enemy, ignoring their surrender, are again attacking in force. All their attacks have been repulsed, and it is confidently anticipated that they will surrender again in the course of the next few days. If they do not, we shall have no option but to annihilate them not for the first time. On one wing we have retreated six inches owing to a side-slip on the part of one of our machine-guns. The health of our troops is excellent, but they suffer terribly from ennui.

FRIDAY.—In the region of Ostend the 340th and 350th Army Corps attacked in force, and carried all the enemy's trenches and drove the occupants into the sea, at the same time reluctantly capturing several thousands of prisoners. There are signs of trouble among our soldiers owing to the enormous number of prisoners they have to look after, and it may be necessary to place a limit on these numbers in future. The enemy's artillery failed to make any impression on our advance. Incidentally, we have sunk the enemy squadron which has recently been shelling the coast. There is no change on our left wing, except that Paris has been captured by our Uhlans and is now being bombarded.

In the East the war is over officially, though strenuous fighting still continues.

SATURDAY.—We have spent the whole day turning away deputations of would-be prisoners. There is a limit—and we have reached it. It is impossible for an army of ten millions to man 150 miles of trenches and guard *more* than twenty million prisoners at the same time.

SUNDAY.—There is nothing to report, except that the war is over and it only remains to convince the enemy of this fact.

C. J. A.

TERRITORIAL OFFICER: "Don't you feel that you want to join us and strike a blow for civilisation?"

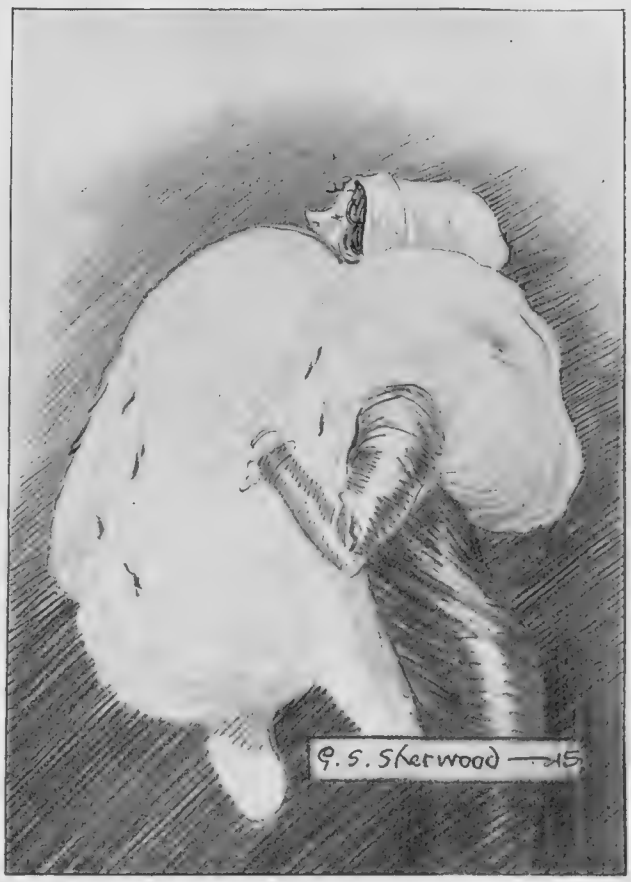
ARTIST FRIEND: "Not exactly. You see I am the civilisation you are fighting for"

Smiles—In England Now

FOR OFFICERS

FOR THE RANK AND FILE

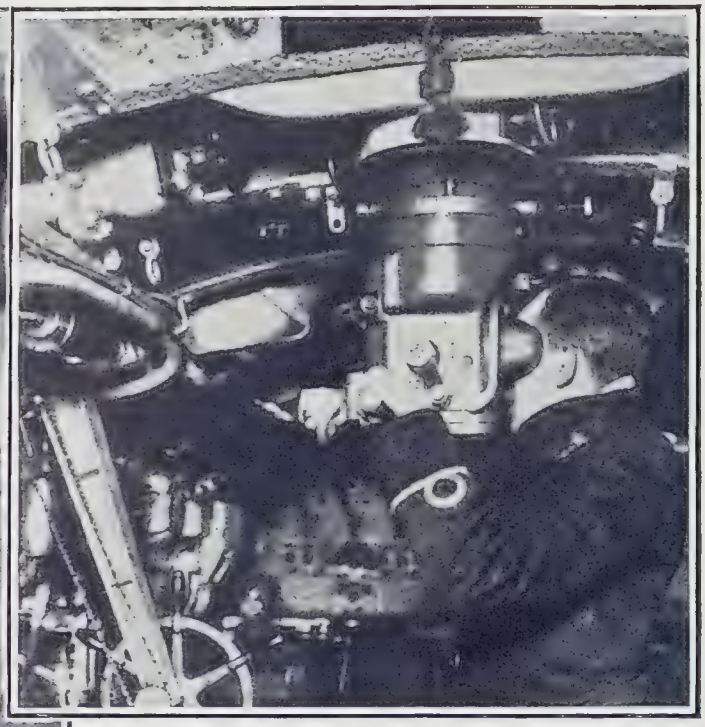
FOR SPECIAL CONSTABLES



FOR CIVILIANS

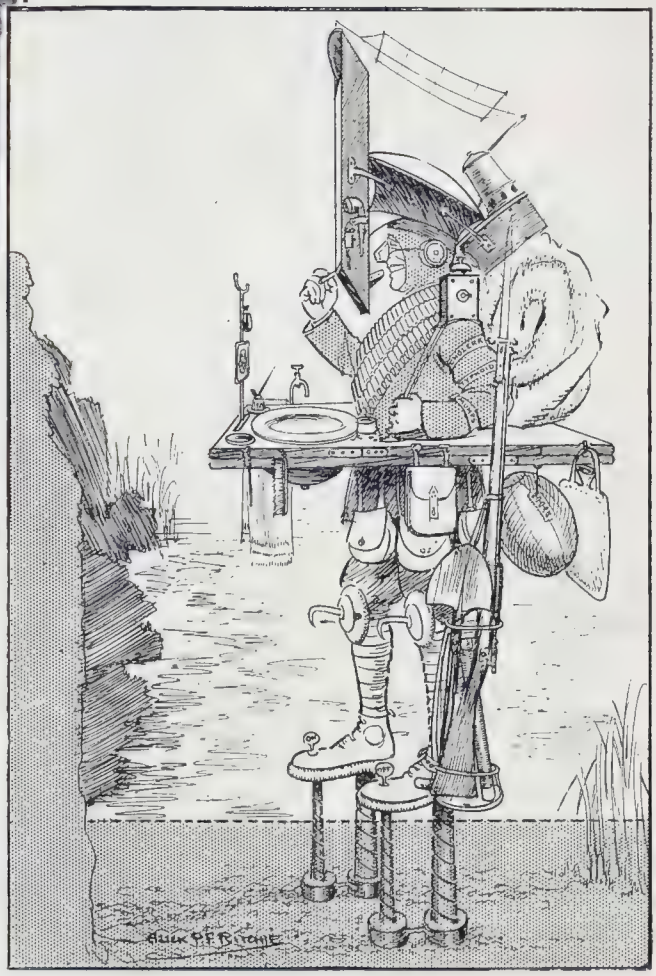
The Amphibious Periscope

A BRITISH TRENCH PERISCOPE IN USE
The cigarette will doubtless be resumed later on



AN OFFICER LOOKING THROUGH THE PERISCOPE ON BOARD A GERMAN SUBMARINE

WARFARE having taken to the depths of the ocean and the bowels of the earth, and being an occupation more suitable for a fish or a rabbit than for a gentleman, the Periscope is the thing of the moment. Not only is it the eye of the submarine, but also of the soldier in the trench. It is already part of the personal equipment of Tommy Atkins, and our artist foresees in his sketch that the compleat soldier of the future will be equipped with periscope, wireless telephone, bomb-proof hat, electric coffee-pot, water-tank, writing table, gun-rest, folding bedstead, etc., knee-cap hill-climbers, spade and gun holder, pneumatic boots with adjustable springs for any depth of water, also foot-warmers (adjustable), not forgetting the necessary football and indispensable mouth-organ



THE COMPLEAT SOLDIER OF THE FUTURE
Equipped with everything necessary for campaigning

Tempora Mutantur!

WOMEN BEFORE THE KING'S PALACE THEN AND NOW!

MILITANCY AS IT EXPRESSED ITSELF AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE LAST SUMMER

MILITANCY AS IT EXPRESSED ITSELF AT THE SAME PALACE LAST WEEK

When the Women's Volunteer Reserve marched past the scene of former violence as militant servants of the same King

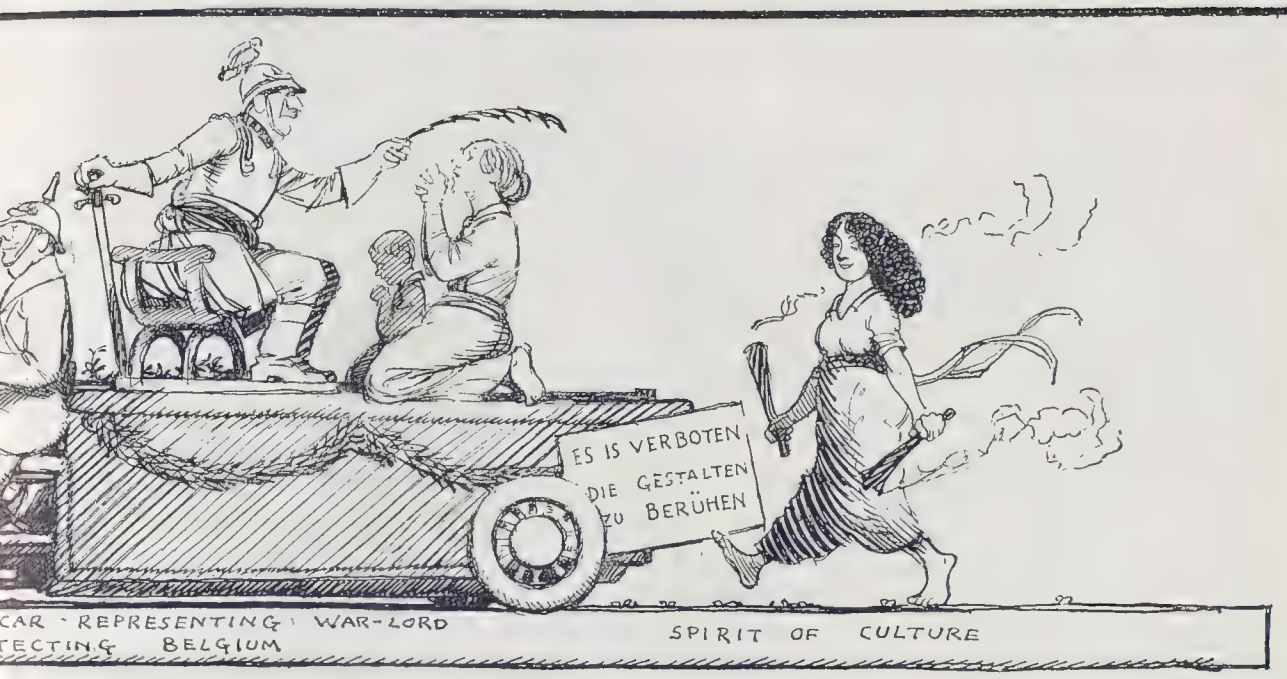
A Pageant in

PROPOSED CELEBRATION IN BERLIN OF THE

As the Germans are nowadays engaged in the celebration of their prospective rather pageant in the Prussian capital. The above is a rough d

Anticipation

INTENTION TO INVADE LONDON—SOMETIME



CAR · REPRESENTING · WAR-LORD
TECTING BELGIUM

SPIRIT OF CULTURE

MEMBERS OF INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT

MODEL OF ZEPPELIN THAT DESTROYED LONDON MANCHESTER AND PEGWELL BAY

VERFLUCHTEN DOG

F JAME

TYPES OF LAND-WEHR

THE WHOLE CONCLUDED BY SPIRIT OF FAME DISTRIBUTING IRON CROSSES

than their actual victories, a movement is afoot to hold an "Invasion of London" raft, executed by our artist on the spot, of the scheme

Let Loose the Dogs of—Peace!

Photograph *Sport and General*

Though the Boat Race, Wimbledon, Henley, and other sporting annuals have been cancelled, the Waterloo Cup is being run as usual this year, on the 17th, 18th, and 19th inst. It would be pathetic, indeed, if it were not, seeing that this is the centenary of the year of the battle from which it takes its name, and is being celebrated in so thorough a fashion elsewhere by the dogs of war

Three Pictures

BY VICTOR GRAYSON (EX M.P. FOR COLNE VALLEY)

[*The following sketch by the former Socialist M.P. reveals in striking fashion the change in class sentiment which has been brought about by the War.*—ED.]

TWO men lived together in the same country. They were of the same original stock—save that one of them boasted a drop of Norman blood. These men did not live the same kind of existence: one of them was very rich and the other was very poor. Their lives had been vastly different from the very beginning. The favoured one was born in the midst of beauty and plenty. The wisest men from the West ministered to his *début*, and scores of tender hands soothed his slightest pain. His body was nourished with the fat and fruit of his bounteous estates, and his mind was nurtured carefully by the world's greatest teachers. The most beautiful books opened to his touch, and his eyes and ears had a continuous feast of the world's richest art. His labours were the labours of learning and recreation. He fished, rode, hunted, and played so that his body was pliant and beautiful. He travelled over many lands and heard strange tongues and gloried in the strange sunsets of foreign skies. He was mentally and physically endowed and equipped as far as civilisation's resources could endow and equip him. His disposition was kindly and chivalrous. His soul had not been soured by the corroding poison of commerce. He married a handsome and cultured woman, who bore him beautiful children—and he lived on terms of mutual respect and social distance with the other man.

The other man was born into an atmosphere of squalid poverty. His blundering birth was resented by his hard-pinched parents. He had "a bit o' wot we 'ave arselves," was indifferently taught the "Three R's" in the poky village school, gambolled in the muddy lanes, worked in the fields—and became something of a vegetable. He married a frowsy village girl, who bore him children like he himself had been—and when he met the other man he pulled his forelock in token of proper deference.

. . . . . .

The scene is a trench—somewhere in France. Two men are standing ankle deep in a mixed broth of mud and blood. Shrieking shells are hurtling over their heads, and on either side of them are the crumpled bodies and glazed, staring eyes of their former comrades. They are garbed alike—these two men—save that one wears his great-coat shorter than the other. Each of them holds tight-clenched in his hands a rifle—and when the enemy's fire gives a moment's respite the two men look around their sodden graves, and into each other's eyes, and with a spontaneous motion of comradeship grip each other's hands.

"Have you a fag handy, old boy?" said one, whilst he reloaded his rifle.

"O' coorse oi 'ave, sir," said the other; "oi'll light it f'yer."

They puffed at their cigarettes in silence for a time. The enemy had grown tired, and a deep red glow in the sky hinted that the sun was sinking to its rest. Biting gusts of wind blew from the river, causing the two men to shiver.

They drew their coats more closely around them.

"We'd better get out of this, I think."

"Yessir! But 'ave the blighters stopped?"

"I think so—anyhow, we must take the risk! By the way, old chap! If anything *should* happen to me . . . will you tell my wife and people what a—jolly time we've had together. Here's my wife's photograph—that's the address on the back. Look 'em up, old boy, if I go West!"

The other man took the photograph in his cramped fingers, and fumbled awhile in the crowded recesses of his great-coat.

"Thank you, sir! An' if the blighters nip me, will you look up my ole girl—an' comfort 'er like? We seem to be in a tight 'ole. What?"

The last streak of sunset faded from the sky, and the moon came up with her white, pure countenance, like the entrance of a nurse into a chamber of agony. The dead faces seemed to smile a welcome, and without words the two men made their preparations and scrambled out of the trench. There were just a few sinister sounds like the clicking of the earth with a golf-club, and one of the men fell down. The other man stretched himself on the earth beside his comrade, and crudely dressed his wound. Death's little messengers spat and "zizzed" on every side, and one of them "nipped" the other man. He was *down*, but not *out*. He shouldered his chum and zig-zagged back to safety. . . . And they lay together in the same ward and talked of the "jolly time" they had shared.

. . . . . .

Two men were chatting together on the lawn of a beautiful house. They were laughing like happy schoolboys, and their faces were aglow with the pride of a mutual triumph. They had fought together, starved together, suffered together—and had entered a tacit pact to die together. But they had not died! They had won, and won gloriously—and they were laughing together on the beautiful lawn of an English home.

"Do you remember?" said one—and before he could reach the kernel of his narrative the other man was asking him if he remembered—and so on.

One man wore nicer clothes than the other man. He spoke with a softer accent—but it was more human than before. The other man wore a Victoria Cross on his shoddy vest—and his voice had lost its cringing *timbre*. They were two chums who had lost all their misunderstandings and stupidities because they had suffered together for a single ideal. The miasma of class hatred had been banished by the purging rays of comradeship.

"Things seem to have changed, somehow," said one man.

"They will never be the same again," said the other.

"But—excuse me for asking—why did we go through such a—a—jolly time together?"

"For Liberty, old boy—and now I know what Liberty *means*. You and I have learned to know each other. And, as you say, things *are* changed."

And the two men gripped hands, and their eyes spoke of things that only idealists dream. VICTOR GRAYSON

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

With Refugees

BY THE BYSTANDER IN POLAND

YESTERDAY, if you had come along the northern road which leads from Warsaw to Novo-Georgievsk, you would have seen me in a *telyega* cart seated between two hawk-nosed Jewesses. The Jewesses wore red handkerchiefs on their heads and red, striped stockings. They were refugees, two of a miscellaneous collection of Gentiles, Jews, and hybrids whom I found in Siberia.

In Siberia, Warsaw, I mean—a place six miles out, just beyond the forts, near pleasant woods, opposite a pleasant Vistula island. Before it you pass the village of Mlocniy, where there is a camp. At Mlocniy, the soldiers were chattering "*Biegletsi*." "*Biegletsi*" means fugitives. The driver of my *telyega* craned his neck. Just past Mlocniy, where you enter icy Siberia (it thaws and the road is mud) I saw my first batch of refugees from the Vistula country.

All Warsaw's other refugees come from west and south-west, mostly from down Lodz way. Here there were a thousand, mostly from the confluence of Bsura and Vistula, opposite Wyschogrod. Chopin was born somewhere near here. Half the refugees were Jews. They said that not a village was left standing in a patch of land along the Bsura ten miles square. Most voluble was Herr Kaplan. I call him "Herr" because he spoke German-Yiddish. He is a rich man, who has a house near Witkowize (the chief left-Bsura village still held by us). How war affects rich men you may judge from the fact that he wore a fur coat, and no boots.

The other refugees were poor. They drove emaciated cows, and a dozen sheep. Seven refugees were wounded, and dirtily bandaged. Peasants shivered. They had birch-bark boots, and cotton rags wound round their feet, puttee-wise. Herr Kaplan interpreted for them in German-Yiddish, which I begin to understand. They said that they all agreed to stay in their villages, so long as the villages were unburnt. But when the first man fled, all fled. It is dangerous to be the last man. The odd man in an otherwise deserted village is, so reason Germans, a spy.

The two hawk-nosed Jewesses begged me to take them in my cart. My driver refused. He said (in Russ) that he was a Christian; and that it is not *chic* (*schikarni*) for a man in my position to drive about with refugees. The Jewesses told me their tale. They own a general store in a village called Prenslawice. The village resolved to stay. The local strategist, the midwife, vowed that the Germans could not attack Prenslawice, as if they did they would be enfiladed from Wyschogrod, across the Vistula, which our troops strongly hold. The midwife's counsel was taken. Everyone got used to the incessant roar.

At midnight there was an explosion in the middle of Prenslawice. Villagers, dressed, half-dressed, and undressed, flew into the street. The sixth house from a street corner lay in ruins. A shell had gone through five houses before it burst. The shell killed a baby in the first house, and upset a bed in the second without killing anyone. The house where it burst was vacant. The peasants and the two Jewesses fled to the next village; and somebody, thinking they were cavalry, poured in shrapnel. That accounted for the dirty bandages.

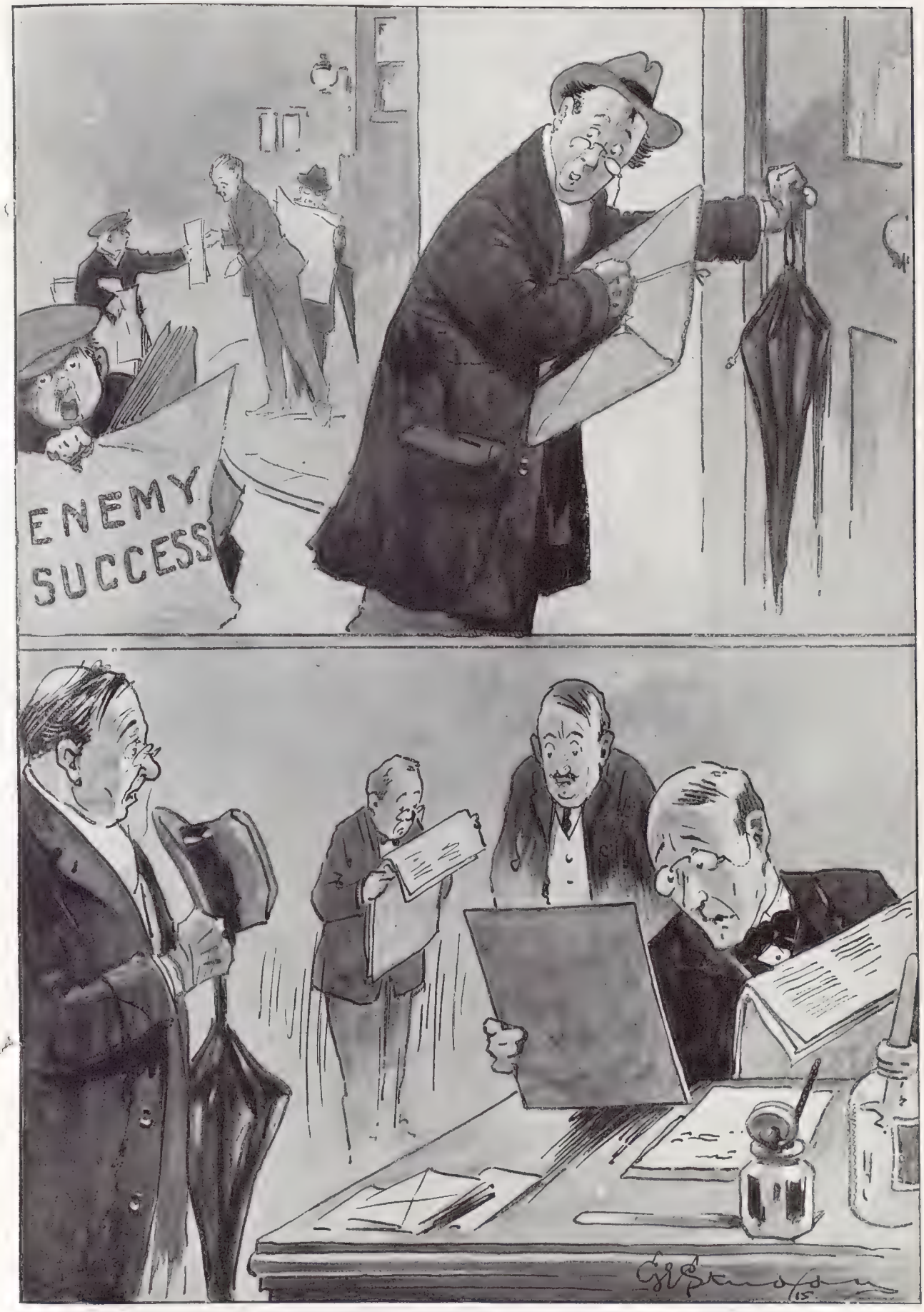
I drove back to Warsaw. In Siberia stayed all the refugees except the two Jewesses. These I took. My *telyega* driver cursed and repeated: "It is not *chic*. Now if they had hats. . . ." The Jewesses nestled against me; and when I talked to them in my best Hanoverian, one said: "You speak Yiddish like *one of us*—from Bielostock." The other one corrected her, saying: "The gentleman speaks with a Warsaw accent."

These compliments fooled me. When I got to the Powazkow Gates I gave the Jewesses a rouble; and sent them to the Relief Committee. That all happened yesterday. To-day, I saw the other refugees coming in. With them was Herr Kaplan—in boots. He recognised me; and smiled

BUSINESS AS USUAL IN LEMBERG

Despite the fact that it is the capital of a conquered Province and in danger of being "relieved" by its original rulers, Lemberg continues its ordinary ways of life as shown by the above photograph of the market-place, which has recently reached us

People We Don't Envy



No. IV.—The humorous artist who turns up with his funniest joke on a day when there happens to be bad news from the war

Books on the War by Sea and by Land

OUR OWN NAVY AND THE ENEMY'S

Their Name is Legion

Already sufficient war books have been published to form a fair-sized bibliography! *Books on the Great War* (Grafton: 2*s.* 6*d.* net), by F. W. Lange and W. T. Berry, will certainly prove a boon to the historians of the future. Contemporary opinions, even when they are most bigoted or more than a little absurd, are of the utmost value to the "gentleman who comes after," and the present war is going to be *the* big thing for everybody, whether learned professor or unfortunate schoolboy—think of the poor wretch having to learn up the battles of Ypres!—or historical novelist. "The bibliographies of the great wars of the past," writes Mr. R. A. Peddie in his preface to this book, "have had to be constructed laboriously from insufficient materials." Nowadays we do things differently.

The King's Ships

It is a remarkable list, which will doubtless have its supplements as the months pass. Meanwhile it is possible to collect a small library on almost every aspect of the war. As is right, the Navy has come in for its fair share. There is now not the smallest excuse for even the landlubberest of us to remain unaware of the differences between the various types of fighting ships. Pride of place in these naval books naturally falls to the third volume of Commander Halton Lecky's *The King's Ships* (Muirhead: 37*s.* 6*d.* net). Here, with the same lavishness of illustration and the same care in research as was seen in the previous volumes, are described all those ships which fall, alphabetically, between the twenty-three-year-old *Endymion* and the scarcely more modern *Jupiter*. It is pleasant to find that the volume is well up to date—a surprise, in view of the author's active service duties during this war "of Belgian neutrality," as he fitly calls it—though even now only half of this monumental work has appeared.

A Good Little Handbook

You naturally turn to the Commander's pages, so soon as any naval action is reported. True, it is not yet possible to see what the *Lion* or the *Tiger*, or even any of our latest "L" class of destroyers, look like, but you have only to turn over a few pages to come across some little piece of information which bears more or less directly on the situation to-day. If, moreover, you seek further enlightenment on the theory of modern naval warfare, there is an admirable little handbook ready to go into your pocket. *The British Navy in War* (Methuen: 1*s.* net), by L. G. Carr Laughton, is, for its size, amazingly comprehensive. Its four chapters on the nature of naval war, the differentiation of force, organisation, and *personnel*, cover enormous ground so simply and easily that after reading them you become in some danger of regarding yourself as a naval "expert." For a rather more personal insight into life on the high seas there is *The British Navy from Within* (Hodder and Stoughton: 2*s.*). Here it is possible to obtain some idea of those curious ratings in the Navy, what big guns really mean, and, in general, what goes on in a battleship in commission. Jack Tar, like Tommy, has his agreeable peculiarities, which are, apparently, very well-known to "Ex-Royal Navy." as the modest author of this book signs himself.

"That's marvellous quick promotion o' that ne'er-dae-weel son o' Donaldson's. They tell me he's been proposed for a field marshal."

"Ay! His faither was awfu' prood till a wire cam' sayin' it wis a mistake. It wis a coart martial."

Our Own Fleet and Germany's

It is necessary, however, to know something of the German Fleet, whose existence it is sometimes so hard to remember. For your guidance in this matter Mr. Archibald Hurd's *The Fleets at War* (Hodder and Stoughton: 1*s.* net) will prove most satisfactory. The relative standing of the two fleets can be seen almost at a glance, and quite an agreeable pastime may be yours if you care to strike out each German ship as she is sunk. *The Fleets at War* is one of the *Daily Telegraph* War Books, and although the land operations have filled most of the volumes issued to date, there is already a second devoted to the navy. *From Heligoland to Keeling Island* (Hodder and Stoughton: 1*s.*) contains a concise introduction by Mr. Hurd, and a clear account of those hundred days of naval war, which, in spite of set-backs, showed the world rather better than books will what the British Navy can do.

R. S.

Playing their Parts

FOUR FAIR DIVERTERS OF DISMALNESS BY NIGHT

MISS DORIS LYTTON

Who is Adéla Goadby in Mr. R. C. Carton's comedy, "A Busy Day," which, in its revised form, is "going strong" at the Apollo Theatre

MISS MARGERY SARGENT

Who cleverly impersonates "Lulu" in the successful revival of "Are You a Mason?" at the Comedy Theatre

Photographs

MISS LYNN FONTAUNE

Who plays the part of a nurse in "Searchlights," a new play in three acts by Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, produced by Mr. H. B. Irving at the Savoy Theatre on Thursday last

Bassano

MISS MARGERY MAUDE

Who is taking a very prominent part in "Searchlights" a play in which the effect of the war upon certain characters (all widely divergent) is portrayed

In Memoriam the Pantomime Season

A REMINISCENCE OF THE PANTOMIME SEASON AS IT HAS BEEN SEEN BY OUR WAR-WORRIED ARTIST

BUCHANAN'S
SCOTCH WHISKIES

STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE: OUR WATCHDOGS

"RED SEAL" 48/- per doz.

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" (An Extra Special Blend of Choice Old Whiskies) 60/- per doz.

"BLACK & WHITE" 54/- per doz.

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKIES ARE WELL-MATURED AND PERFECTLY BLENDED. THEIR VAST STOCKS IN SCOTLAND ENSURE AN UNFAILING SUPPLY OF THE SAME FAULTLESS QUALITY

Our Day of Rest

BY SPECIAL CONSTABLE XXX.

ON Sunday we drill. Those of us who are "twicers" (as Gladstone phrased it) attend drill in the mornings and service in the evening. The "oncers" attend drill.

The point I have the honour to suggest to the authorities is that we should be favoured with some of the new drill. The old stuff—form fours, form two-deep, form squad—we have had *ad nauseum*. Kitchener's chaps get variety. There is, for instance, one lively evolution I have watched with envy. It goes roughly thus, the men being in column of line ahead. (I know of no such phrase to-day.)

"CUMPNEY! Form—FROGS. . . . Quick—LEAP!" And they jump over one another in blood-stirring style. There are certain sixteen-stunners among us to whom that drill would do a world of fat-reducing good.

We might also be given a course of arrest drill. This would be distinctly practical.

"CUMPNEY! On the word of command 'One,' rear rank will extend the right hand to the neck of the front rank. On the word 'Two,' rear rank will grip the collar. On the word 'Three,' rear rank will bump with the left knee and run front rank smartly into the cells."

And equally useful would be a practice in drawing truncheons, which are usually worn inside the trouser-leg.

"On the word of command 'One,' unstrap police capes. On the word 'Two,' unbutton overcoats. On the word 'Three,' loosen comforters. On the word 'Four,' unbutton coats. On the word 'Five,' haul up cardigans. On the word 'Six,' loosen waistcoats. On the word 'Seven,' unbutton right brace. On the word 'Eight,' explore for truncheons. On the word 'Nine,' draw them."

Sunday afternoon is the time for the weekly scare. Just when one is preparing to enjoy the well-earned post-prandial rest in the armchair comes the boy on the cycle or the imperative call from the 'phone: "Hostile aircraft sighted over Migsby-on-the-Marsh. Special Constabulary will turn out for duty."

The Huns seem to be making a habit of sending over their "fliers" on a Sunday afternoon. The *Daily Mail* has always told us that they are no gentlemen, and now we have proof.

We tumble out in no amiable frame of mind towards the barbarians who would break in upon a respectable Sabbath rest. We stand for hours cricking our necks skywards. So far nothing has happened, but the Prussian Heaven help them when they fall into our righteously indignant hands!

As a Sunday consolation we are sometimes given a printed circular letter from the Authorities. It is of the sonorous-and-soothing order. "With a fine public spirit . . . at great personal sacrifice . . . all the rigours entailed by the zealous performance of these duties . . . assistance has been invaluable . . . throughout this time of grave national emergency."

It is well meant, but it is written with a set of rubber stamps. Some day the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, our titular chief, will learn to write with a pen. I have the honour to venture to suggest that he will say: "Fellow Constables! Are we downhearted? No!" and that will go right home.

(*With apologies to Omar Khayyam*)

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me swearing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow!!

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

for SHIRTS, etc.

WHEN ordering new Shirts and Pyjamas or Service Kit remember that the material is a matter of great importance to your health. Many leading sportsmen and the *majority* of officers of the British Army wear "Viyella" and will have nothing else, because, since it absorbs and radiates away the moisture of the body, it is more hygienic and chill-preventing than non-absorbent ordinary flannel or chilly linen. Then it is exceedingly refined in appearance, soft, light and warm, very durable and does not shrink. Made in light, medium and heavy weight of a variety of patterns, including regulation khakis, greys, etc., for Service Wear. "Viyella" is all-British. "Viyella" Shirts can be obtained ready-to-wear or made-to-measure.

Ask your Outfitter to show you patterns

If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining, please write for patterns of "Viyella" shirtings and address of nearest retailer to—

Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (wholesale only), 3a, Viyella House, Newgate Street, London, E.C.

The Woman who never gave the gift of love without the gift of Death

Marie Tarnowska

By A. VIVANTI CHARTRES,

Author of "The Devourers."

Cr. 8vo., 6s. net.

HEINEMANN

Bensdorp's Royal Dutch Cocoa is the queen of all cocoas for strength, aroma, purity

Ask your Grocer for sample, or send for same direct to—

BENSDORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA, 31, Eastcheap, LONDON, E.C.

IMPORTANT PRIVATE SALE

OF

High-class Second-hand and Antique Furniture, Carpets, Plate, Linen, Pictures, Pianos, &c., &c., to the value of over £500,000.

MUST BE SOLD ENTIRELY WITHOUT RESERVE.

ENTIRE CONTENTS OF A LARGE WEST END CLUB.

Removed from St. James's St., S.W., for Convenience of SALE.

ANY ARTICLE MAY BE HAD SEPARATELY, and, if desired, CAN REMAIN Stored Free, and payment made when delivery required, or will be PACKED FREE AND DELIVERED OR SHIPPED TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

98 COMPLETE BEDROOMS.

Comprising 16 well-made solid oak bedroom suites complete **£3 17s. 6d.**; solid oak bedsteads to match, complete **16s. 6d.**; handsome china toilet services from **3s. 6d.**; large bedroom and other carpets, from **7s. 6d.**; 14 well-made, solid walnut bedroom suites, complete **5 gs.**; massive black and brass mounted bedsteads, full-size, complete with spring mattresses, at **25s.**; three very handsome design white enamel bedroom suites of Louis XIV. style at **£5 15s.**; four well-made large solid oak bedroom suites at **£6 17s. 6d.**; four very artistic Sheraton design inlaid mahogany bedroom suites at **£7 15s.**; three artistic large solid walnut bedroom suites at **£9 17s. 6d.**; several fine Old English gents.' wardrobes, fitted sliding trays and drawers, from **£3 15s.**; several fine bow-front and other chests of drawers, from **37s. 6d.**; old Queen Anne and other tallboy chests, from **6 gs.**; six very choice inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, **13 gs.**; elaborate all-brass Sheraton style bedsteads with superior spring mattresses, complete **45s.**; choice Chippendale design bedroom suites, **12 gs.**; Chippendale design bedsteads to match; Queen Anne design solid mahogany bedroom suites, **£14 14s.**; all-brass square tube full-size bedsteads with superior spring mattress, at **£3 17s. 6d.**; costly Chippendale design mahogany bedroom suite, **16 gs.**; costly inlaid satinwood bedroom suites, **£45**; panelled satinwood bedstead to match, **9 gs.**

DINING-ROOMS, SMOKING-ROOMS, AND LIBRARIES.

Several fine quality real Turkey carpets about 9ft. by 12ft. from **£4 17s. 6d.**; real Turkey rugs at **17s. 6d.**; massive carved oak sideboard, **£5 15s.**; overmantel fitment to match, **£2 10s.**; extending dining table to match, **£2 17s 6d.**; two elegantly-carved armchairs and six small ditto to match, **£6 15s.**; elegant Queen Anne design sideboard, fitted drawers, cupboards, etc., **£7 15s.**; set of eight Queen Anne design dining-room chairs, comprising two large carved chairs and six smaller ditto, **£7 15s.**; oval extending Queen Anne design dining table, **£4 10s.**; Queen Anne design mantel mirror to match, **42s.**; 18 luxurious Chesterfield settees, **£2 15s.**; luxurious lounge easy chairs to match at **£1 10s.**; magnificently carved grandfather clocks; fine tone upright piano, **£7 15s.**; a magnificent instrument by George Brinsmead, **14 gs.**; and an exceptionally fine small grand piano, **£25**, equal to new. Several sets of complete old English table glass from **£4 15s.**; four oak American roll-top desks at **£3 15s.**; and many other items too numerous to mention here.

DRAWING-ROOMS AND ANTE-ROOMS.

Nineteen elegant design large Axminster bordered carpets from **3 gs.**; elegant design suite, comprising luxuriously sprung settee, with two lounge easy chairs and four occasional chairs, covered rich Paris silk tapestry, **£9 15s.**; very elegant Louis XIV. design china cabinet to match, **£6 15s.**; choice centre table, **21s.**; and Louis XIV. design overmantel, **35s.**; elaborately carved and gilt Louis Seize design suite of seven pieces, including settee, **12 gns.** complete; white enamelled French cabinets; Vernis Marten painted tables, escritoires, etc.; the satinwood decorated china cabinet, 4ft. 6in. wide, **£14 14s**; satinwood decorated centre table, **£2 10s.**; satinwood decorated overmantel, **£3 10s.**; costly satinwood decorated suite, covered choice brocade gobelin blue silk, **£16 16s.**

Also BED and TABLE LINEN, Carpets, Curtains, Draperies, etc.

SILVER and SHEFFIELD PLATE, etc., etc.

Five full-sized billiard tables from **30 gns.** complete with all accessories. Billiard dining-table, three iron safes, and thousands of other items impossible to mention here, including **two nearly new motor cars.**

WRITE FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE (MENTION "BYSTANDER"), ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS, NOW READY. SENT ANYWHERE POST FREE.

THE FURNITURE AND FINE ART DEPOSITORIES, Ltd.,

48 to 50, PARK STREET, UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON, LONDON, N.

The following Number Motor Buses pass Park Street, Islington: Nos. 4, 19, 43, 43a, and 30. Cab fares refunded to all purchasers.

'PHONE 3472 NORTH

Grand Prix, Diploma of Honour and Gold Medals, Paris Exhibition, 1912.

By Royal Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

Grand Prix Gold Medals, International Exhibition, Rome, 1912

Business Hours:—Open every day, 9 till 9; except Saturdays, when we Close at 1

ESTABLISHED OVER HALF-A-CENTURY.

IMPORTANT NOTICE—We have NO WEST END Branches, neither are we connected with ANY OTHER DEPOSITORIES. Our ONLY ADDRESS is as above

L. LEWIS, Manager

On the Trail of the War

BY A TRAVELLER ON THE CONTINENT

ONE reads in the papers that London is only about five or six hours' distant from the firing line. It may be so. Not being a soldier of the Expeditionary Force, I am not in a position to test the accuracy of the statement. But being a mere civilian who was compelled early in the present month to pay a brief and somewhat urgent visit to Switzerland, I can vouch for the fact that travelling on the Continent is a very different matter nowadays from what it was in the piping times of peace.

The war sets its seal upon travelling as it does upon everything else. It crowds the trains, because there are fewer of them and because there are still plenty of people, besides those directly or indirectly concerned with matters military, to fill them; it slows them because everything (quite rightly) must be subordinated to the exigencies of *la service Militaire*; it intensifies the Customs nuisance, and it has brought into prominence a still greater nuisance, the passport nuisance, which involves one in a series of processions, with one's fellow-travellers, at all hours of the day and night similar to those undertaken by the more penurious patrons of a popular play, with added agony that when you at length reach "the presence" you may be "found wanting" for some reason which you could not possibly have foreseen.

Then, again (although, of course, you pooh-pooh the idea), the English Channel is not exactly the place one would choose just now for a pleasure excursion, even in the finest weather, and as a person who is liable to be hit without having the chance of hitting back, you feel your position somewhat acutely. As your gaze travels over the dancing waves (if you are feeling fairly comfortable inside) or the watery waste (if you are not), you cannot help wondering what a periscope looks like in the flesh, so to speak.

All the same, a visit to the Continent in war-time is an experience which in many respects is well worth undergoing—mainly on account of what you hear. In the course of my journey, and at the Swiss hotel at which I stayed, I heard opinions on the one and only topic from the lips of men of a good many different nationalities. Needless to say, the opinions of the men of any one nationality did not always agree *in toto*, but they agreed sufficiently to enable me to generalise.

I put down the Russians as the most optimistic of our Allies, and at the same time by no means the least friendly of them. As soon as they found out that I was English—which did not take long—they talked freely either in English or else in French, of which I knew enough to keep pace with them. They did not underestimate the part that England had played in the war, but their attitude was that of the man who says "You leave it to me." In Russia, they told me, they reckon their army by millions up to ten and even more. "In March or thereabouts," said they, "we shall just blow the Germans away like chaff!" May their supreme confidence not be misplaced!

The French rather took me by surprise. They are, apparently, a little inclined to grouse, and they underestimate our naval supremacy, and all it means. They admit that our army is good enough as far as it goes, but they say that it is not nearly big enough; and by a curious perversion of thought they seem to think they are fighting now, not in defence of their own territory, but to protect England against invasion. Which is distinctly quaint. One Frenchman told me that if it had not been for the French the Germans would be at Calais now, and that once the Germans got to Calais England would be wiped out. I told him that I could not admit this, seeing that we still had something of a Navy left, and then proceeded to remind him—not ill-naturedly, I hope—that if it had not been for the English the Germans would be in Paris to-day. The French civilian, unlike the French Army, does not appear to be "sticking it" quite as thoroughly as he might.

The Swiss frankly admit that had Germany's plan of campaign been different they might have suffered the fate of Belgium. They were powerless in the early days, for they were not ready. But they are ready now, they say, and fully capable of keeping their boundaries intact from incursions by either of the two belligerent sides. Their policy is one of strict neutrality, but all the same they don't want the Germans to win. Even the German-Swiss don't want to see Switzerland utterly and irrevocably Germanised.

The itinerant American is less communicative than usual. He gives you the impression that he is not as proud of himself as he would like to be. He feels that his country ought to be "in it," and there isn't much doubt which side it would be on if it were. If Roosevelt had been where Wilson is now America would not be playing the part of a looker-on who wants to jump the ropes and join in the scrap.

My pleasantest experience of all was when I rubbed shoulders and exchanged greetings with the breezy, bright, and business-like soldiers of my own country. They were going back, after leave, to a job for which, whether they were officers, non-commissioned officers, or men, they had no particular liking at all. They were going back just because they had to. And because of their indomitable spirit they looked as if they were quite enjoying the prospect. But in a burst of confidence a burly N.C.O. said to me, "If they think we're *anxious* to get back to the front let 'em come out and try it for themselves!"

Commencing February 22

Annual Exhibition & Sale of White Wear

— at —

The Regent St. House of Peter Robinson

LADIES will be glad to hear that this year's Annual Exhibition and Sale of White Wear is to be held at the usual time notwithstanding the War, for our orders for fine Hand-made Lingerie, placed months ago with the expert peasant workers of France and Ireland, have fortunately been delivered on time, and many exquisite examples of their wonderful needlework will be on view on Monday next and following days at our Regent Street House—the prices in all cases being exceptionally moderate. Above are examples from the Blouse section.

CATALOGUES POST FREE.

The Regent St. House of Peter Robinson Ltd.

South Side of Oxford Circus.

The White Feather

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE MISAPPLIED. BY "EFEMERA"

WHY the white feather should have come to have so unfortunate a significance I do not know. I have a vague idea that some species of bird displays white plumage when turning tail on the enemy after the manner of the rabbit, but the origin of the symbol I leave to my readers. Leaving research aside it seems odd, on the face of it, that so showy a badge as a white feather should denote cowardice, but give a dog—or a feather—a bad name and all the perfumes of Arabia will not avail to wash away the stain.

Even so conspicuous a personage as King Henry of Navarre, who certainly bore a reputation untainted by the slightest breath of poltroonery, could not change the tradition. Of set purpose he chose a white plume to adorn his helmet that his followers, and doubtless the enemy as well, might recognise him in the thick of the fight. No man could do more to redeem a symbol, but in spite of him the white feather remains dishonoured and despised.

Patriotism is an excellent thing, so also is the desire that our young men should not fall short of their duty to King and Country. But some women, impelled by an excess of zeal, have rushed in where angels fear to tread. I do not know to whom we owe the brilliant idea of decorating with a white feather young men whose appearance suggests that they should be serving their country at the front, but a more unfortunate method of recruiting could hardly be found. To begin with, it is singularly offensive, it betrays an amazing lack of imagination, not to say kindness, and it shows a bland determination to trade on the prerogatives of the feminine sex as such. No woman who did not positively count on her immunity as a female from corporal chastisement could venture so publicly to insult and humiliate a member of the opposite sex.

Psychologically, too, the method has not a leg to stand on. Shaming an individual privately may lead him to a sense of duty, but bringing pressure to bear by means of public humiliation can arouse nothing but anger and resentment. No man can be transformed from a coward to a hero by being held up to open derision.

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS ELSIE JANIS

Who is to appear very shortly in a new Revue at the Palace Theatre. As a passenger on board the "Lusitania" she had an exciting voyage to England

Besides, who are we to judge the circumstances of a stranger? How are we to know, indeed, that he has not served or is not serving his country to the best of his ability, and far more efficiently than we ourselves? Many men are employed in Government departments, where their services are as valuable as though they were in the field.

It does not do, either, to judge by appearances alone. Numbers of men, apparently healthy and robust, have been refused by the recruiting officers for some slight physical defect hidden from the casual eye. It cannot be expected that they shall label themselves "Unfit for active service," and they certainly should not be exposed to wanton and impudent humiliation at the hands of thoughtless women. Note, too, that no one would be more indignant than these same women were their own brothers and husbands in like case to be so treated.

It seems hard to believe that any woman should be to such a degree bereft of common sense, not to mention the supposedly feminine virtues of kindness, thoughtfulness, and understanding, as to give herself over to the practice of coward-baiting—the cowards, mark you, being designated by no greater authority than chance and the indiscriminating eye of the would-be baiter. No fervour of patriotic zeal can justify such a proceeding. It is one thing to remonstrate with and, if necessary, shame a particular young man of one's acquaintance whom one knows to be a shirker—though even this involves considerable responsibility in the case of a person not a relative—but quite another promiscuously to deal out white feathers to utter and entire strangers.

Unless, as the Germans declared, we have arrived at a state of physical and moral degeneracy only to be cured by an infusion of Teutonic *kultur*, there can be little reason and less excuse for this brand of militant proselytising. So far as I have been able to observe, our men have done nothing to deserve such a puerile assumption of their cowardice. Were they cowards the ladies of the white feather would almost certainly be mobbed and man-handled within an inch of their lives. Righteous anger is nothing to the rage of the guilty conscience.

EFEMERA

H. A. BEAL.

Only as an Advertisement
AND A
Special Effort to keep our
WORKROOMS EMPLOYED
We are offering to make
Newest Style

COATS
AND
SKIRTS

IN GENUINE
Homespuns, Tweeds, and
Navy Serge Coatings

30/-

Coat lined Silk, Skirt Unlined.

LADIES' GENUINE
Tailor-made
RAIN-COATS
Reduced to

21/9

In Covert Coating
and Twills.

PATTERNS and Sketches by Return.

287, REGENT ST.,
(Near Polytechnic),
LONDON, W.

National Relief Fund.

Treasurer:
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE PRINCE TO THE PEOPLE:—

"At such a moment we all stand by one another, and it is to the heart of the British people that I confidently make this appeal."—EDWARD P.

Already the response to His Royal Highness's Appeal has been magnificent, but an even greater sum of money is needed than that which has been collected, because, in the Prince's own words, "there will be considerable distress among the people of this country least able to bear it." Every reader of "The Bystander" is asked to subscribe AT ONCE.

Letters need not be stamped, and all subscriptions—great or small, etc.—should be addressed to H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON.

BY ROYAL WARRANT TO
HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V

WALPOLE BROS. LTD

89 & 90, NEW BOND STREET, W.
(Two Doors from Oxford Street.)

EXCEPTIONAL VALUE

No. 440

Useful Shirt Blouse in White Shanghai Silk with Crochet Buttons

14/9

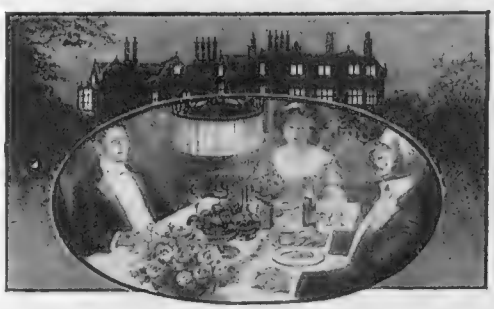
Also in Pink Shanghai Silk, **15/6**

Usual Price 25/9

These Shirts are Designed and Made in our own Workrooms. A Selection can be sent on Approval; if not already a customer, kindly send London Trade References.

Telephone: 1339 Gerrard.
Telegrams: "Seloplaw, Westdo, London."

MARVELLOUS ECONOMY IN LIGHTING



Write now for booklet and particulars.

SPENSERS Ld. 53 "B," Sth. Molton St., London, W. and 119, George St., Edinburgh.

GREAT ADVANCE WITH ORDINARY PETROL

Spensers' famous "Silverlite" Model fitted with their "Duplex" Carburettor gives wonderful results.

A 40-light installation for a running cost of 1/- per week!

A SOFT BUT PERFECT LIGHT.

Silent Burners with Automatic Lighting Switch render the system perfect.

SPENSERS, The Pioneers of Petrol Gas Lighting,

have fitted up several thousand installations, and in addition have adapted over 100 plants of other makes to their system, showing a saving of from 50 to 75 per cent. per annum.

Foreign Agents { MOFFAT-VIRTUE, Ltd., 352, Kent Street, Sydney, N.S.W.
ANDERSONS, Ltd., Christchurch, N.Z.

Means ECONOMY

EVERY particle of it is Sound Solid Soap

COMPARED with common soaps, it Lasts Twice as Long, and is therefore ***Twice as Economical***

ONLY the finest ingredients are used in its composition

NO water is mixed with Pears

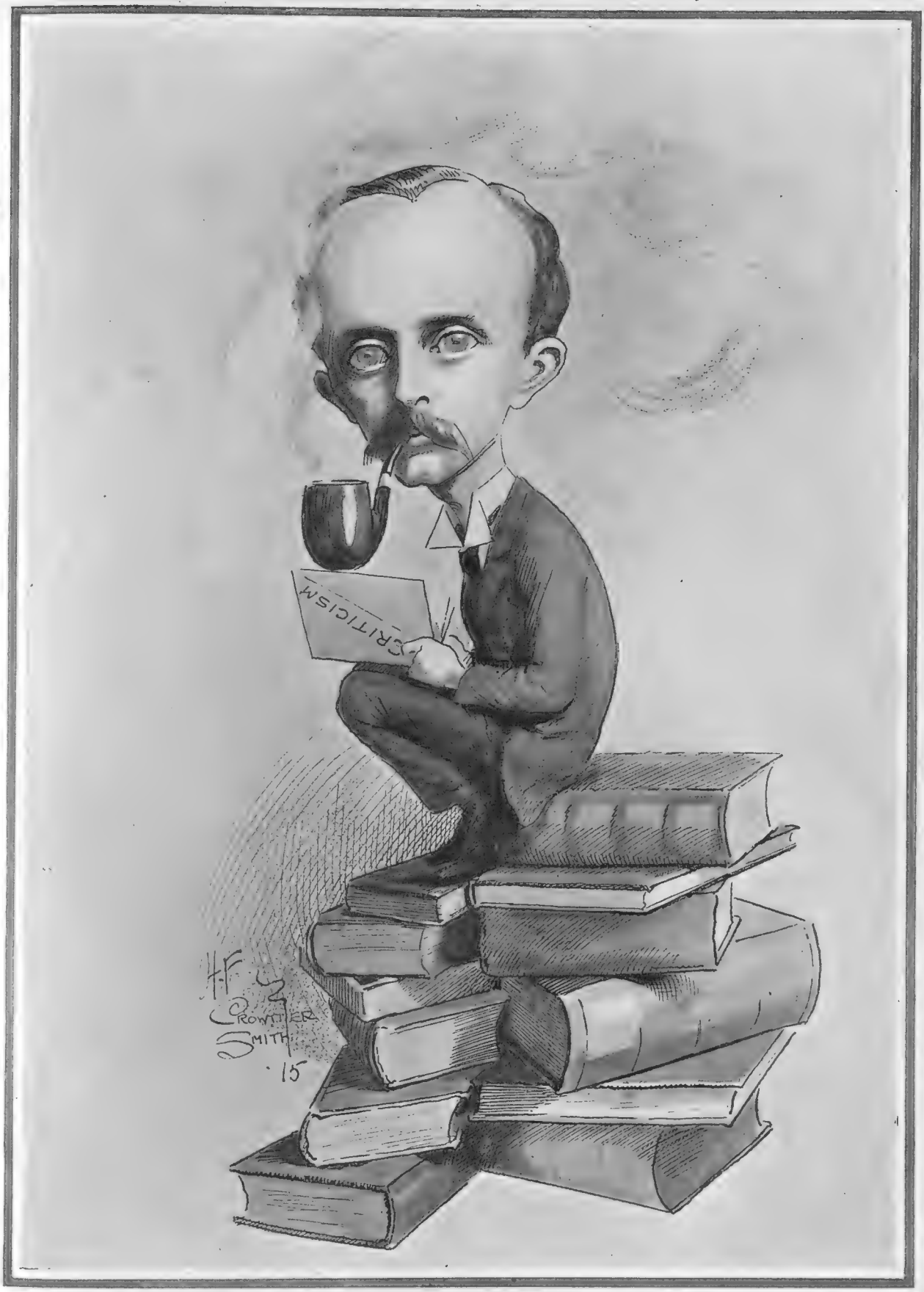
OVER a Hundred Years Pears has been the LEADING TOILET SOAP

MANUFACTURED by A. & F. Pears, Ltd., Soapmakers to *Their Majesties* **THE KING AND QUEEN**

YOUTHFULNESS of skin remains to old age, when Pears is used

Matchless for the Complexion

A Man of "The Day"



SIR JAMES BARRIE (*loquitur*) :—

I am the man of "The Day,"
The compiler of dream and delusion,
Visions that fail to PAN out,
Prospects that PETER away.

Critics perplexed and in doubt
Listen in hopeless confusion,
Wondering what it's about.
I am the man of "The Day"!

(Sir James Barrie's one act play, "Der Tag," has recently been a feature at the London Coliseum, though it has not achieved marked success with the critics)

"Searchlights" behind the Footlights

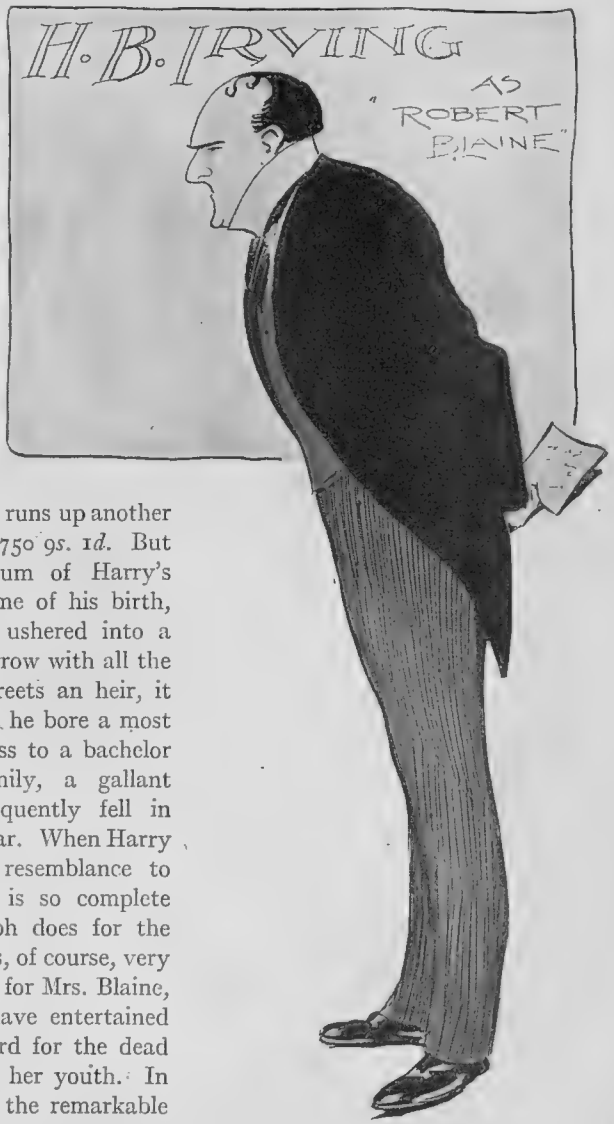
WAR AS A PEACEMAKER AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

BY "JINGLE"

THIS is quite a good play. It is concerned with the war both before and during hostilities, but there are no military manifestations about it. The nearest thing to an alien enemy that we see on the stage is a German financier named Schmaltz, who, however, has not only been naturalised, but has been knighted as well. Schmaltz's finance is based on a hypothesis formed in 1913, that a great European war is impossible. Another financier, Robert Blaine, regards war as inevitable, and bases his financial operations upon that conclusion so successfully that he makes money in consequence. When the story of this play gets to Berlin it will be hailed as further irrefutable evidence that the war was not of Germany's making. Mr. Blaine's household is a cold and cheerless one, in spite of the ease with which everybody in it speaks of thousands of pounds as though they were mere "thrippences." I have always said that money does not make happiness, though I admit I am very indifferently furnished with evidence for the other side of the case.

The shadow in the Blaine household is young Harry Blaine, whose belief is that it is his duty to get all the fun out of life that his father's copious finances can provide. He has already had his debts paid after a promise to incur no more, and then he calls in the aid of a Scottish Hebrew and runs up another little liability of £3,750 9*s.* 1*d.* But this is not the sum of Harry's offence. At the time of his birth, after he had been ushered into a world of sin and sorrow with all the acclamation that greets an heir, it was discovered that he bore a most embarrassing likeness to a bachelor friend of the family, a gallant soldier, who subsequently fell in action in the Boer war. When Harry is twenty-five his resemblance to the gallant soldier is so complete that one photograph does for the two of them. This is, of course, very awkward, especially for Mrs. Blaine, who is known to have entertained quite a tender regard for the dead hero in the days of her youth. In fact, in the face of the remarkable resemblance referred to, Mr. Blaine finds himself a sort of interloper in his own home, and he scarcely feels justified in paying the debts of a young man who is really not related to him at all.

Months pass by, and the war breaks out with its now justly celebrated crash. Mr. Blaine has inside information on the subject before the actual declaration, and he breaks the news to his wife, just to see how she will take it. Harry, for instance, is in the Guards, and there is every prospect that the Guards will be the first in action. Mrs. Blaine is, of course, much upset at the news, and is astonished that her husband can take it so calmly. As, however, Harry is a comparative stranger to him, Mr. Blaine does not feel justified in displaying any excessive emotion about the young man's chances. He will say only that if Harry should fall on the field of honour all his debts shall be paid. It sounds all very cold and callous, but, as seen on the stage, you get the impression that



How Superfluous Hair may be Removed — Never to Return

A subject of absorbing interest to most women, and one around which much has been written by beauty experts of the day.

It is, however, an acknowledged fact, that until quite recently, nothing had been discovered which would kill the hair roots for all time. The majority of the depilatories now before the public give no permanent result, as their action is merely superficial—burning off the hair at the point of contact with the skin—and consequently in a few days' time the growth reappears, usually with renewed strength and vigour. Many women suffering from disfiguring hair upon face and arms have long since given up in despair, and are resigned, more or less, to a hairy and humiliating appearance. To these unfortunate folks a ray of hope is now visible. Six years of experimenting has resulted in well-deserved success, and phelactine will undoubtedly prove the greatest treasure any woman could possibly have upon her toilet table. Space prohibits anything more than passing comment upon this remarkable substance, the outstanding features of which are—that it cannot injure the most delicate skin, and that one application is sufficient to remove the offending hair BY THE ROOT. Get about 12 grammes from the chemist, which quantity should be enough to remove the growth permanently from a considerable surface. It might here be mentioned that phelactine acts so efficiently because it *removes* the root at the first application without injury to the most delicate skin; whereas chemical depilatories merely burn off the hair, leaving the root untouched.

A
Graceful Figure
AND A
Pretty Chin

Have you a Double Chin, Large Waist, Large Bust, Large Abdomen, or that Ugly Flesh hanging over your Corset at the back, which adds years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., or call, when she will give you all particulars of her treatment, which she guarantees will remove all Superfluous Flesh, leaving the skin smooth and free from wrinkles or any other blemishes. No dieting nor exercises necessary.

MEDICALLY APPROVED.

Wrinkles, Crow's Feet, and that ugly droop at the corners of the mouth can be cured by her method.

NOTICE.—Madame Elvira will, owing to the general state of finance, make a considerable reduction in her fees to Ladies wishing to avail themselves of her treatment during the War.

MADAME ELVIRA,
SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY AND FIGURE CULTURE.
4a, LOWER BELGRAVE STREET, VICTORIA, S.W.
Telephone: 6017 Victoria.

THE
"Daily Graphic"
Gives a £1,000 Insurance
To all its Readers.

THE COUPON NEED NOT BE SIGNED

A Royal Stimulant
of acknowledged purity and supreme excellence.

"Four Crown"
Scotch Whisky.

Sole Proprietors
ROBERT BROWN Limited,
Distillers by Royal Warrant.
GLASGOW and 14, Jewry Street, LONDON, E.C.

A HAIR DARKENER
(NOT A DYE).

And a CERTAIN HAIR RESTORER. Promotes growth, strengthens and invigorates weak hair, cleanses the scalp, prevents dandruff, and produces a beautiful glossy appearance. Restores Grey Hair to its natural colour. Guaranteed to be perfectly harmless, and is fragrantly perfumed.

IN USE FOR NEARLY TWENTY YEARS.
Dr. A.B. GRIFFITHS (F.R.S. Edin.), F.C.S., says: "*Your pomade is one of the best preparations for the hair.*"

Three Colours: Lt. Brown, Dark Brown, & Black. Prices (post free), 1/11, 3/- and 4/6. Privately packed.

Waite's Walnut Pomade
A Triumph as a Hair Darkener (Not a Dye).

Send to-day for a Trial Pot, Price 1/3, and see what wonders it will work for YOUR hair to
FAIRBURN & CO. (*Sole Proprietors*), 31, RAVENSDALE ROAD, STAMFORD HILL, LONDON, N.

Wilson & Gill

"THE GOLDSMITHS"
139-141, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

RELIABLE TIMEKEEPER
SOLID SILVER, £2 10 0
18ct. GOLD, £7.
9ct. GOLD, £5.
WILSON & GILL'S "CAMPAIGN" WRISTLET WATCH,
LUMINOUS FIGURES and HANDS.
NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF LATEST NOVELTIES, POST FREE.

Mr. Blaine is meeting the cruellest provocation with the highest magnanimity.

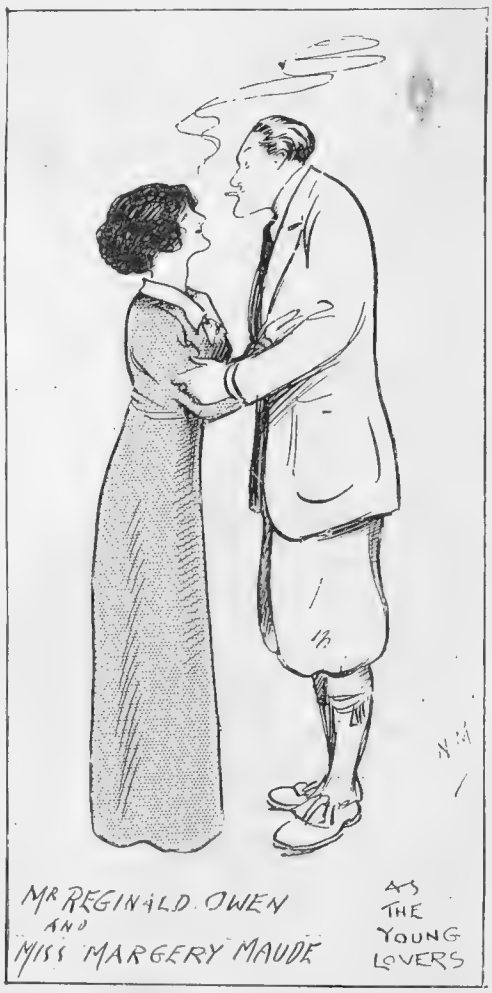
Four more months elapse. Harry (Mr. Reginald Owen) comes home from the war invalided. His trouble is of a very unheroic kind, namely, sunstroke complicated by typhoid fever; and he feels a not unnatural disgust that he should have gone all the way to the firing line only to catch something cheap that he might have picked up in the garden at home. His military experiences, however, have done him a lot of good. Under their chastening influences he has developed from a mere wastrel into a real man, and Mr. Blaine notes the improvement with satisfaction.

For reasons not clearly defined Mr. Blaine is offered a peerage. Mrs. Blaine (Miss Fay Davis) has worked for years in the *coulisses* of political favour in order to secure this honour, not so much for her husband as for her son. And when the offer comes, Mr. Blaine, to his wife's horror, respectfully declines it. After all, the title is hereditary; and it's a wise peer that knows his lawful heir, as it were. Then Harry wants an allowance to enable him to marry, and Mrs. Blaine pleads his cause with singularly heartless effrontery. Mr. Blaine at this stage finds it impossible any longer to maintain the polite fiction that he is the head of a united family. He sits and writes with severe brevity a statement to the effect that Harry is not his son, and then begs that Mrs. Blaine will be good enough to sign it. The lady is at first indignant, but confronted by the photograph conveying the fatal likeness, she admits her grievous error.

There is a good deal of quite kindly humour at the expense of Sir Adalbert Schmaltz, K.C.V.O., (a most delightful performance by Mr. Holman Clark), the naturalised German who records with pride that he is now more British than ourselves, since he is — Scotch. Another of the playful quips seems to me to be exploited rather more than its merits justify. Schmaltz's host has considerately supplied him with lager-beer, giving him the usual choice between light and dark. The German word for "light" in this sense is *hell*, and Schmaltz is recommended to choose the lighter beer because he does not get "hell" at home — his establishment, in comparison with that of Mr. Blaine, being quite united and happy. Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, the gifted author of this excellent play, is good enough to expound for our edification the meaning of certain German words here and there, but what he omits to explain is his use of the masculine form of *hell* in relation to beer. In German, beer happens to be of the neuter gender. It is, I admit, a shocking indignity to place upon so great an institution, but I hasten to protest that the fault is not mine. In the happier days when Karl and Fritz were our Ganymedes of the *Gasthaus* we asked always, and I think correctly, for a "*helles*." If we were wrong —and it is not likely that we should admit it if we were — somebody would probably have told us about it. If Mr. Vachell is wrong, his very elaborate joke based upon the home of heat, collapses like a Zeppelin scare, or the equally celebrated snows of yesteryear.

The ending of the play is as satisfactory as is possible in the circumstances. Mr. H. B. Irving is excellently suited with the part of the strong silent man, Blaine. He has little to do or say, but he easily dominates the play throughout. *Searchlights* is a most pleasantly entertaining production from first to last.

JINGLE



THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 585.—Vol. XLV. Wednesday, February 17, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: 37 GERRARD.

HAMPTON & SONS

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

CLOSE TO DELIGHTFUL COMMON.

PRICE ONLY £2,500. RENT, £140.

KENT. Within 40 minutes from Town.

IN A PRETTY RURAL DISTRICT.

TO BE LET OR SOLD, this charming little PROPERTY, 350ft. up with fine views, and situate in grounds of nearly 1¾ acres. Lounge hall, 3 capital reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc. Stabling, coach-house and 3 rooms for man.

GAS. COMPANY'S WATER. RADIATORS. TELEPHONE.

Tennis and other lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, etc.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

GOLF. HUNTING. FISHING.

THE BARGAIN OF THE YEAR.

FREEHOLD, ONLY £2,000.

Would be LET, Unfurnished.

HERTS (near excellent golf course, also hunting and fishing, 2 miles from a station).—For SALE, this ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE AND ABOUT 10 ACRES. EXTENSIVE STABLING AND MOTOR-HOUSE. The accommodation comprises: entrance and inner halls, 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, all light and airy, fitted bathroom, good offices, all in good order.

VERY PRETTY GARDENS,

with tennis lawn and meadows; Company's water and main drainage. Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

INSPECTED AND RECOMMENDED.

WILTSHIRE DOWNS.

(In the V.W.H. country, 2½ miles from first-class junction station. 1¼ hours from Town.)

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, this charming COUNTRY HOUSE standing in grounds and parklands of about 26 ACRES. It has two drives and lodge, and contains: 7 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 reception, servants' hall; capital stabling, garage, and outbuildings; picturesque grounds.

EXCELLENT HUNTING WITH 3 PACKS.

Apply to HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

OAK-PANELLED RECEPTION ROOMS.

CAMBS AND BEDS (BORDERS).

TO BE LET, Unfurnished (or the Estate of 200 acres would be SOLD) this charming and

GENUINE OLD COUNTRY RESIDENCE,

well-placed in park, with drive and lodge: 11 bedrooms, oak-panelled reception and billiard rooms, and good offices; stabling for 4, motor-house; telephone.

FINELY TIMBERED GROUNDS,

with large amount of shade. Golf. Good sporting district. Cambridge 15 miles. Station ¼ mile, good train service and convenient for pleasant market town.

RENT £140 PER ANNUM.

Apply, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Estate Offices: 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."
TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W., and 100, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

Also New York, Winnipeg, Sydney, Victoria (B.C.) and Buenos Ayres.

SURREY AND HANTS BORDERS.
70 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

TO BE SOLD.—This picturesque COTTAGE RESIDENCE on gravel soil, standing 350ft. above sea level with charming views over pretty country. Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms and servants' hall; electric light; Company's water; telephone; septic tank drainage; pretty forecourt in front of house. The grounds are charmingly laid out and include 2 lawns, flower garden with stone-paved path and garden pavilion, woodland with shady walks, rose garden, kitchen garden and orchard, in all about 3 acres. Near golf links.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (8,014)

HERTS.
45 MINUTES FROM LONDON.

FOR SALE (OR MIGHT BE LET).—The above RESIDENCE in the Jacobean style, with oak mullioned windows and thatched roof. The House contains some fine old oak panelling, and the accommodation comprises: 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light and Company's water; stabling for 3; 4 cottages; the gardens of 3¼ acres include lawns, flower garden, kitchen garden, etc. 2½ acres of pastureland can also be purchased.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (5,501)

18 MILES FROM LONDON.

BUCKS.—To be SOLD or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, a charming modern RESIDENCE, occupying a delightful position 300ft. above sea level; on gravel soil with South aspect. It contains: 3 reception, 6 bed and dressing, bathroom and boxrooms; electric light; Company's water; tastefully laid-out grounds of nearly an acre surrounded by hedges and old oak trees.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (7,154)

WILTSHIRE.

TO BE SOLD, with 144 acres, this fine old ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE, built of stone, with stone-tiled roof and mullioned windows. Accommodation: Lounge hall, oak-panelled drawing room, dining room, breakfast room, 6 bedrooms, bathroom and large attic, store rooms; Company's water; excellent range of farm buildings; the land includes some rich well-matured pasture and about 19 acres of fertile arable land; hunting with 2 packs.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square. W. (7,741)

HUNTING WITH THE WOODLAND, PYTCHLEY AND PYTCHLEY FOXHOUNDS.

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED, OR SOLD.—This picturesque old MANOR HOUSE, built of stone, partially covered in creepers, occupying a pleasant position and approached by a long carriage drive: 5 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 10 horses; heated garage; 3 cottages; beautiful old gardens and grounds of 17 acres, tennis and croquet lawns, grass walks, walled kitchen garden, and meadowland.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (7,006)

BETWEEN HORSHAM AND PULBOROUGH.

OLD-FASHIONED BLACK AND WHITE FARMHOUSE, with old oak beams and rafters, to be SOLD with 40 acres. It contains: 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, and 3 good attics; pretty garden and orchard; stabling for 6; granary, cowshed for 14 cows, and other farm buildings; there are 20 acres of arable and the remainder well-timbered and well-watered park-like meadow-land suitable for dairying.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,948)

TELEPHONE NOS: Mayfair 5701, 5702, 2777 & 5914. Yeovil 43.

WILSON & GRAY

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES: "Wilsogra, Audley, London." "Wilsogra, Yeovil."

The Oldest Established and Principal Agency for
TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN and OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES
of interest for SALE or for LETTING, Furnished or Unfurnished, where owners and applicants can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.

ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT.
WILSON & GRAY have for many years, in addition to their agency, practised as architects, and many highly important works have been entrusted to them.
The Renovation, Restoration, Enlargement, etc., to old-world Properties, together with the reproduction of same, are a few of the special features dealt with under their supervision.

SUSSEX, ASHDOWN FOREST.
Superb position, over 600ft. above sea level, with glorious views.
CLOSE TO THE CELEBRATED GOLF LINKS.

FOR SALE, a BEAUTIFUL REPLICA OF AN OLD
SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE.
All modern conveniences; electric light, radiators, etc.; lounge, 4 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, bathroom, complete offices, old farmhouse, 2 cottages; well-timbered grounds of 16½ acres, practically surrounded by the Forest.—Full particulars of the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W. Inspected and recommended.

SURREY.
CLOSE TO LEITH HILL, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PARTS OF THE COUNTY.

A PERFECT SMALL SIXTEENTH CENTURY HOUSE, containing beautiful old oak panelling and beams: lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 7 or more bedrooms, bathroom; electric light; garage, stabling for 3; farmery; cottage; delightful old gardens and grassland of about 31 acres. For SALE, or might be LET, Unfurnished.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., W.

BEAUTIFUL PART OF SUSSEX.
ABOUT AN HOUR FROM LONDON.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, OR FOR SALE.
GENUINE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY RESIDENCE.
BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS
AND PARKLANDS OF 50 ACRES.
TYPICAL DECORATIVE FEATURES
of the sixteenth century are included in this wonderful old House, and it contains about a dozen bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, noble hall, 3-4 reception rooms, etc. Whilst retaining its ancient features *every possible convenience has been cleverly installed.*—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

SUSSEX.—Amidst the South Downs, 3 miles from the sea.

FOR SALE, OR TO LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.
A GENUINE OLD MANOR HOUSE, DATING FROM 1296.
PERFECTLY PRESERVED AND FULL OF MAGNIFICENT OLD OAK WORK.
Beautiful old banqueting hall with minstrels gallery, cloister, dining room, study; ample domestic offices; 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, cottage; acetylene gas, Company's water, modern sanitation; delightful old-world gardens; woodland and grass of 13 acres.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

SUSSEX COAST (1 mile from).
Close to harbour with safe anchorage for yachts. On the outskirts of an old-world village, amidst perfect surroundings.

A PERFECT SMALL GEORGIAN HOUSE, containing: 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices; double garage, stabling, etc.; delightful gardens of about 6 acres.
FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN PRICE.
—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

SUSSEX AND SURREY BORDERS.
1 hour from Town. High position. Glorious views.

PRICE £8,000, FREEHOLD.
200 ACRE ESTATE, INCLUDING A TYPICAL OLD SUSSEX HOUSE,
standing ¼-mile back from road on a southern slope: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, oak-panelled billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, complete domestic offices, music room converted from a fine old barn: delightful well-timbered gardens; stabling, garage, ample buildings, 7 cottages.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W. Personally inspected and highly recommended.

TOWN HOUSES TO BE LET.

Rent £230. Premium £400.
A COUNTRY HOUSE IN TOWN WITH STUDIO.
AVENUE ROAD, REGENT'S PARK.—Fine detached RESIDENCE to be LET, Unfurnished, approached by separate private road and surrounded by charming grounds of about 1¼ acres: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms, studio, capital offices; large garage with rooms over.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., W.

Rent £210. Lease 6 years.
WITHIN EASY REACH OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.
WILTON STREET, GROSVENOR PLACE.—A charming little HOUSE to be LET, Unfurnished, at the low rental quoted above. It faces South and comprises: 7 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 good reception rooms and excellent offices.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

PHENOMENAL OPPORTUNITY.
ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING COUNTRY HOUSES IN TOWN,
in a highly accessible and much sought-after position, adjoining and overlooking acres and acres of park-like grounds,
TO BE SOLD OR LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.
It is a delightful square-built detached House, standing well back from the road, and surrounded by a
PERFECT GARDEN OF ITS OWN OF 2 ACRES.
The house is newly decorated and most wonderfully appointed, many thousands of pounds having been recently spent upon it. *Expensive panelling, and fireplaces, parquet floors, silk covered walls, oak beamed ceilings, hot water radiators, well fitted bathrooms,* are some of the many attractions of the place. The accommodation comprises: 10 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and
FOUR MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION ROOMS,
including a SUPERB MUSIC ROOM measuring 40ft. square, all on the ground floor. There are capital domestic offices, and detached stabling and garage, with rooms over.
LOW TERMS WILL BE ACCEPTED.
—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

Rent £230. Moderate Premium.
DELIGHTFUL POSITION OVERLOOKING PARK.
PARK LANE (adjoining).—Unique opportunity occurs to secure the 12 years' Lease of extravagantly appointed BIJOU HOUSE at bargain terms: 5 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 charming reception rooms, and offices.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

Rent £350. Lease 14 years.
CHARMINGLY ARRANGED AND IN SPLENDID ORDER.
GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE.—A newly appointed RESIDENCE to be LET, Unfurnished, facing West close to the Park, and containing: 7 bedrooms, bathroom, square lounge hall, and 4 exceptionally fine reception rooms; remarkably good domestic offices.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., W.

Orders to view and further particulars of the above and other suitable Residences will be forwarded on application to WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

Offices: 14, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.; and at 20, PRINCES ST., YEOVIL (Western Counties Branch)

Telegrams: "Everything, London." Telephones: Western 1 (60 lines). Byfleet 149.

HARRODS (LTD.)

ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; and Byfleet. AUCTIONEERS

SURREY (Walton Heath District, near LOVELY DOWNS and GOLF LINKS, 500ft. above the sea level).—To be SOLD, the above lovely OLD MANOR HOUSE, standing in beautiful well-timbered grounds of 16 ACRES. Three reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; good stabling; 3 cottages.—Full details from the owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

NEAR COMMON AND GOLF COURSE.

SURREY HILLS.—This picturesque COTTAGE RESIDENCE contains: 3 reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, large landing, with large attic above; pretty garden, with small greenhouse; main water, gas, and drainage; 350ft. up; sandstone subsoil; station 5 minutes, good trains, 45 minutes Town. For SALE, or would be LET, Unfurnished.—Further details from the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (X 18,200)

WALTON HEATH.
OVERLOOKING HEATH AND LINKS.

KINGSWOOD, NEAR REIGATE, in a lovely position.
COMMANDING GLORIOUS VIEWS FOR MILES.
"MEADOW COTTAGE," KINGSWOOD, a convenient well-built Cottage RESIDENCE, with 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.
PRETTY GARDENS OF 1¼ ACRES.
Could be had with less land if desired.—For SALE by AUCTION by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above, on MARCH 16.

BERKS.

In the lovely district of Ascot and Sunningdale, within easy reach of Station, and quite
CLOSE TO GOLF LINKS.

TO BE SOLD, the most attractive PROPERTY in this most sought-after district. Well back from road, and surrounded by
REALLY BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS, WELL-TIMBERED AND SHELTERED, ABOUT 7½ ACRES.

Lounge hall (24 by 18 ft.), 3 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, servants' hall, etc.; electric light; Company's water; good stabling for 3, coach-house or motor-house, chauffeur's rooms and excellent cottage. The whole property is in perfect order.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the sole agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

PRICE REDUCED TO 4,000 GUINEAS.

MENDIP HILLS.—The RESIDENCE, approached by long drive, contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, bathroom, 7 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling, garage; cottage, farmery, outbuildings, etc. MAGNIFICENT POSITION. GLORIOUS VIEWS. Lovely old gardens with tennis and other lawns, rockeries, shrubberies, kitchen garden, etc. The Estate, which is well timbered, extends altogether to about 135 ACRES.—Full details from the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (Fo. 17,973)

ONLY A SHORT RUN FROM KILLARNEY

CO. KERRY, IRELAND.—Attractive and well-placed COTTAGE, standing in secluded grounds, and containing: 6 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and 3 reception rooms, usual offices and modern conveniences; stabling and garage; pretty grounds, with tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc. Would be SOLD or LET on exceptionally low terms.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 9,338)

TELEGRAMS: "Merceral, London." TELEPHONE No. 1579 Regent.

F. L. MERCER & CO.,

7, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

TO LOVERS OF GARDENS AND BARGAIN-HUNTERS.

ESSEX. 30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

Charming Queen Anne Residence. Full of oak.

3 reception, billiard, bathroom, 8 bedrooms; stabling, 1 garage; farmery; gravel soil; main water, gas, telephone; the *beautiful old-world grounds* absolutely charming, intersected by running streams, through wild woodlands; rustic bridges, lawns, flower beds, orchard, vines, paddock, **5 ACRES.**

Great Bargain. £1,650, Freehold.

Inspected and strongly recommended. Full set of photos.

KENT (near Sevenoaks).—A charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with all modern improvements: 3 reception, bath, 9 bedrooms. ELECTRIC LIGHT; MAIN WATER. Long drive, pretty lodge; also a cottage; stabling, garage, farmery; charming grounds, and
52 ACRES OF PARKLANDS.
BARGAIN, £4,250.

117 ACRES. £5,500. GREAT BARGAIN.
MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE.
OR WITH 15 ACRES, £3,500.

SOMERSET (high up, 'midst beautiful country, and in a first-rate sporting district).—Handsome stone-built RESIDENCE: 8 bedrooms; bath, billiard, 4 handsome reception rooms; beautiful grounds with ornamental water; secondary Residence; excellent water supply; home farm; hunting, shooting, fishing.

THE BARGAIN OF THE YEAR.

A BEAUTIFUL KENTISH ESTATE.

IN THE PINK OF CONDITION.

2 large lounge halls, 3 handsome reception, full-size billiard room, 2 bathrooms, 15 bedrooms, excellent offices. EXQUISITE PLEASURE GROUNDS. 35 ACRES OF PARKLANDS. Hot-water radiators; main water, acetylene gas; stabling, garage; 11 cottages, farmery. *Income from cottages and land £175 per annum.*

BARGAIN, £6,000.

Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

THE GREATEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED.

Cost £12,000, £14,000 recently offered and refused.
PRICE FOR QUICK SALE £3,250.

DORSET (2 miles inland from Weymouth, 'midst romantic scenery): lounge hall, 3 handsome reception rooms, billiard, bath, 12 bedrooms; winter garden, fascinating grounds; 2 entrance lodges; stabling, garage; model farmery; gas, main water. In all 11 ACRES.

A TIMES BARGAIN, £8,000.

BETWEEN GUILDFORD AND HORSHAM (1 hour from Town; high up; glorious views).—Picturesque OLD SUSSEX HOUSE. Lounge hall, music room, 4 handsome reception oak panelled billiard, 2 bath, 13 bed and dressing-rooms; radiators; acetylene gas; telephone. BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED OLD-WORLD GROUNDS. Long carriage drive with pretty entrance lodge; 5 cottages; stabling, garage; modern farm buildings and finely-timbered park.
200 ACRES. BOUNDED BY A RIVER.

AN EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN.

SUSSEX (convenient for the coast and only 1¾ hours from town).—Choice little RESIDENTIAL ESTATE. PICTURESQUE OLD RESIDENCE, containing old oak panelling, etc., lounge hall, 3 reception, 2 bath, and 7 bedrooms; charming grounds, with tennis court, 1½ acres of woodland, and excellent well-timbered pasture-land,
50 ACRES. PRICE, £3,500.
2 cottages, large motor garage; excellent buildings; golf.

To secure

A Maximum of Income with a Minimum of Risk

an Annuity should be purchased from a first-class and old-established Assurance Company.

THE STANDARD LIFE has funds of over £13,000,000 carefully invested. It was established in 1825, and has a world-wide reputation

Its rates for Annuities are favourable, and to obviate a common objection to Annuities arrangements can be made for return of three-quarters of the Capital in the event of Annuitant's death in the early years.

Write for explanatory leaflet "A.E."

The STANDARD LIFE Assurance Company: Estd. 1825

Head Office: EDINBURGH—3, George St.

LONDON—83, KING WILLIAM ST. E.C. & 3, PALL MALL EAST S.W.

DUBLIN—59, DAWSON ST.

One of the great TOOTAL line of Guaranteed Wash Cottons, TARANTULLE is as dependable as delightful.

For dainty home-sewn Lingerie or Baby Wear

you will find both instant and lasting satisfaction in Tarantulle. This perfectly-woven fabric sews easily, washes splendidly, amply repays the finest stitchery. At once exquisite and economical for Trousseaux or Layettes.

Standard Weight, 9d., Fine 1/-, Superfine 1/3 per yd. All 40 in. wide. Write for Free Patterns

If unable to obtain Tarantulle at your drapers', send order and remittance to us, and we will see it is attended to. Address: "TOOTALS," Dept. C7, 132 Cheapside, London, E.C.

No 892

PHAT PHEET

FOR SCHOOL DAYS

—as for every other time and purpose—there are perfect Phat-Pheet models—Boots, Shoes, and Slippers for Outdoor, Indoor and Sport—each so perfect that we despair of improvement.

No. 892 is a fine model for Boys' School Wear or for tramping over moors, rough country, and through slush or rain. It is built to stand every test the average boy can give his boots. It is sturdy, but supremely comfortable—Waterproof in upper and sole. Stocked in Black and Brown. POST FREE PRICES:—11-13, 14/6; 13½-2, 15/-; 2½-4, 16/-; 4½-6, 17/-.

GOODS sent on approval for London Trade Reference or cash. Fully illustrated Catalogue sent Post Free on request.

Dept. 18, 126, Kensington High Street, W.

Daniel Neal

& SONS LIMITED

Fitting Rooms at 124, Kensington High Street, W.; and at 68-70, Edgware Road, W.

Bolton Agent—C. H. Beswick, 3, Churchgate

TARANTULLE UNDERCLOTHING made by D. H. EVANS & CO.'s IRISH PEASANT WORKERS

LOT. 300.

Example of Irish Peasant-made Set of Lingerie in STANDARD weight TARANTULLE, to be seen at Messrs. D. H. EVANS & Co.'s. This one is trimmed fine Swiss Embroidery.

Nightdress, **8/6**; Combinations, **7/6**; Chemise, **6/11**; Knickers, **4/-**; Camisole, **4/6**.

D. H. EVANS & CO. Ltd.,

Oxford Street, London, W.

FOR TARANTULLE READYMADES OR BY THE YARD

Country House Lighting

The present D.Co.System is the outcome of 30 years practical experience in solving the many problems that make for success, durability — and absence of worry to the Client.

DRAKE & GORHAM LTD

66, VICTORIA ST. LONDON. S.W.

MANCHESTER & GLASGOW.

In spite of the increased cost of materials due to the war, the price of

THE FAMOUS

12 H.P. ROVER

will be kept at

£350

FOR THE WHOLE OF THE 1915 SEASON.

THE ROVER COMPANY, Ltd.,

Meteor Works, COVENTRY,

59-61, New Oxford St., LONDON, W.C.

16, Lord Edward St., DUBLIN.

"Quick Service" Cleaning & Dyeing.

We need but *Four Days* to complete cleaning orders. And by "complete" we mean rather more than is usually implied by the trade. Cleaning in the "Achille Serre Way" includes the removal of all spots and stains (*after* the usual cleaning process) and a special method of "refinishing" which makes the articles treated look as they were when new. Write for latest Illustrated Booklet with prices, list of Branches which collect orders free on application, and other useful information.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office:
Hackney Wick, London

Branches & Agencies Everywhere

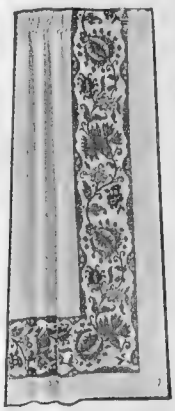
C2

Furniture of High Quality at Low Quotations.

The Home Beautiful

Carpets Unique in Colour and Design

THE 'ABBOTSFORD' CURTAIN.



"Sunproof" UNFADABLE FABRICS
Resist Tropical Sun, Sea Air and Washing.
CASEMENT CLOTHS from 8½d. per yd.
BOLTON SHEETINGS from 1/6¾ per yd.
CRETONNES from 1/0¾ per yd., 31ins. wide to 5/9 per yd., 50ins. wide.
MADRAS MUSLINS from 9¾d. per yd.
REPS, SATINS, BROCADES and TAPESTRIES from 2/6 per yd.
Every Length Guaranteed.

Artistic & Inexpensive Curtains & Loose Covers.
A DECORATIVE TREATMENT

Full particulars upon Application.

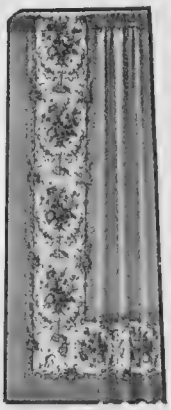
Write for "The Home Beautiful" The Book on Furnishing Gratis & Post Free

Cretonnes & Casements

Williamson & Cole, Ltd., are showing in their 1915 Range, Exquisite Cretonnes of Entirely British Manufacture.

CRETONNES from 5¾d. yd.
CHINTZES from 1/1½ yd.
PRINTED LINENS AND TAFFETAS from 1/11¾ yd.
PLAIN AND PRINTED CASEMENT CLOTHS in the Newest Designs and Colourings from 5½d. yd.

THE 'FLORENTINE' CURTAIN.



ARUNDEL VELVET
3½yds. long 27/11 per pair
Telephone: 1829, 1830, 2128 Battersea.
Patterns Post Free.

BOLTON SHEETING
3½yds. long; 12/11 per pr.
Telegrams: "Greatly, London."

Williamson & Cole LTD
HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.

RADIUM v. GREY HAIR.

THE CAVENDISH RADIUM HAIR RESTORER.

NOT A DYE.

The "Cavendish" Radium Hair Restorer, prepared with Radium Water. The colour of your hair at 20 retained. My latest preparation, that will give unparalleled satisfaction. It is a genuine Radium lotion that will absolutely bring back to grey or faded hair the colour that it possessed at 20 years of age. It is not a dye. Applied to the roots of the hair a few days in succession, it will imperceptibly supply the pigment of the hair with the natural colour fluid that is lacking. In a few days the natural colour (whatever it may be) will return, and afterwards one application weekly will be sufficient to retain its colour. This perfect restorer will also keep the scalp quite clean and free from scurf, and, like all my Radium Preparations, its efficacy is guaranteed.
Price 7s. 9d. per Bottle.

RADIUM-ACTIVE HAIR GROWER.

Unparalleled for producing abundant glossy hair.

Price 5/6

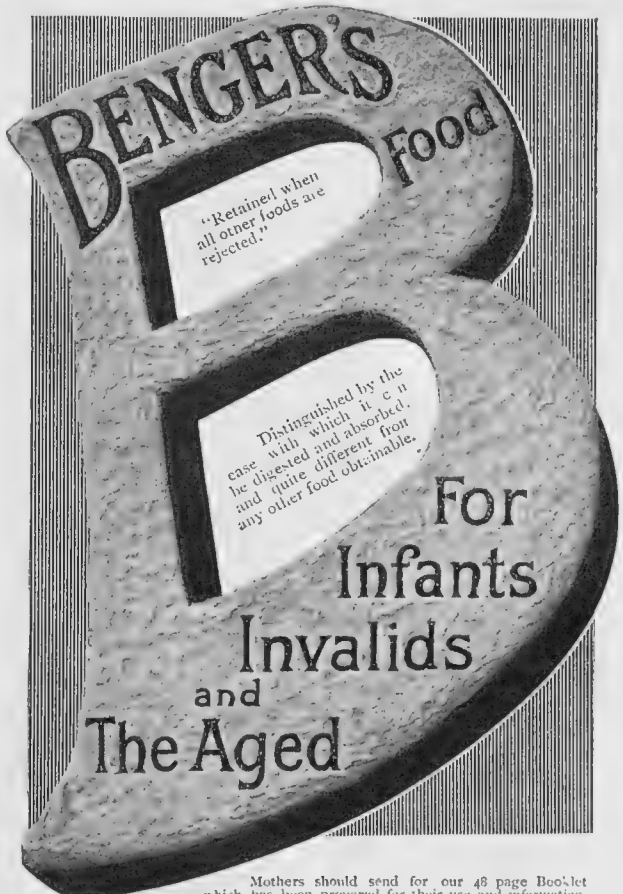
Obtained at Army & Navy Stores, Harrods, &c. or from
HELEN CAVENDISH, Specialist in Radio-Active Toilet Preparations, 129 New Bond Street. Highly recommended by "The Queen," "Gentlewoman," "Ladies' Field" &c.

RESTORE THE VOICE WITH

EVANS' PASTILLES

Immediately soothe the throat and allay irritation

Of all Chemists, in 1/- Boxes.
Sole Manufacturers:—
Evans Sons Lescher & Webb, Ltd., LIVERPOOL and LONDON.



Mothers should send for our 48 page Booklet which has been prepared for their use and information. It contains much that every mother should know, and is sent post free on application to—
BENGER'S FOOD LTD., Otter Works, MANCHESTER.
Branch Office —
NEW YORK (U.S.A.) 92, William St. SYDNEY (N.S.W.) 11, Pitt St.
Canadian Agents—National Drug & Chemical Co., L d., 34 St. Gabriel St., MONTREAL, and branches throughout Canada.

BENGER'S Food

174

A SPLENDID GIFT

Being a 32 h.p. six-cylinder six-seater Delaunay-Belleville, which has been presented to the War Office through the Automobile Association. The A.A. last Wednesday presented fifty ambulances to the French Army. This was the A.A.'s second contingent, and it was graciously reviewed by the King at Buckingham Palace

Motoring—In Homespun

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Public Service

I OBSERVE that tramways in London carried more passengers than the motor-'bus in 1913, over 811 million using the former and just under 734 million the latter. Therefore the common argument used by some literary motoring gentlemen against the tram as an outworn survival of an antiquated era of transport, lacks the sanction of fact. This sort of argument, by the way, is silly, and reflects nothing complimentary upon its authors, who, in their endeavours to establish a superlative case for the motor vehicle are not always above stupidity or dishonesty in the treatment of their pet aversion, the tram, which they represent as being the acme of clumsiness, costliness, and discomfort. They are not within hail of the truth, particularly on the discomfort count. The tram in this regard beats the motor-'bus out of sight

* * *

"Some" Figures

Nevertheless, the mobility and economy of the motor-'bus have caused an advance of over 182 million passengers in 1913 against the 1912 figures, while the tram passengers advanced 14 million only. In a couple of years, therefore, the motor-'bus will be as far ahead of the tram in popularity as the tram is at present ahead of the train, which carried a paltry 462 million. Altogether it will be observed train, tram, and 'bus between them gave a lift to over 2,000 million souls, with bodies attached, in London alone, the which you will be justified in describing as "some" people. Only 4 per cent. of the passenger vehicles using London streets are now horse-drawn. Poor ole hoss!

* * *

War Service

"Eleven of your 16 h.p. Sunbeam ambulances have been working at the front for some weeks past, and up to the present I have not had to send one single car to the repair lines," writes a sergeant in the A.S.C., and adds thoughtfully, "By working at the front I mean the trenches, not one of the bases in a French city like many other ambulances." Methinks I see something a little ironic in that afterthought. The Sunbeam is doing wonderfully well in the war area, and is very popular O.H.M.S.

* * *

An Essay in Carrying On

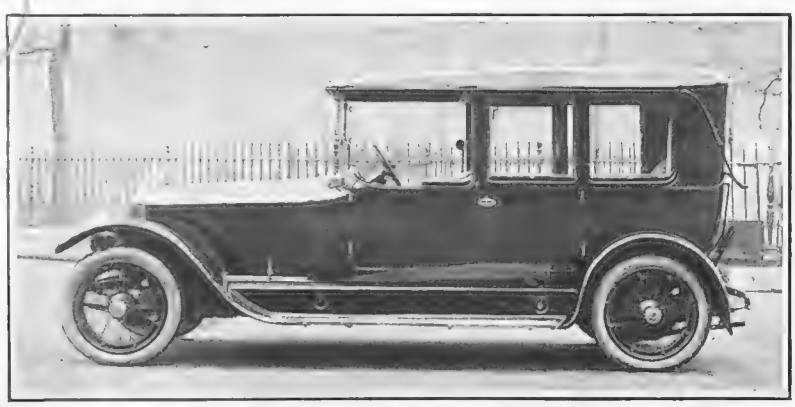
This certainly is enterprise. This decidedly is carrying-on as distinguished from waiting to be carried. An initial depletion of 25 per cent. of the staff who went soldiering to the wars, and a rush of Government work to do, are two factors calculated to make for hard concentration rather than expansion; but the Avon Tyre Company have been equal to both. It has provided for its men with the colours, found work for many grateful Belgians, highly organised its productive powers, and has, lastly, expanded its distributing facilities by annexing the premises vacated by the Continental Company in Newcastle, extending in Birmingham, opened new depôts at Aberdeen and Swansea, and is almost ready with its Nottingham warehouse and offices. A good record and a good tyre.

* * *

Congratulatory

Rolls-Royce have made a profit for the year of £76,850 12*s*. 9*d*., which, in view of the fact that three months of the war is included, is a very fine result, sufficiently indicative of the continued appeal the Rolls-Royce has for the wealthy connoisseur who must have the best that money can buy.

BETTER LIGHT AHEAD.—C. A. V. lamp bulbs for car-lighting give more light at least cost and entail no trouble. British throughout. Write for new catalogue.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.



THE ACME OF REFINEMENT

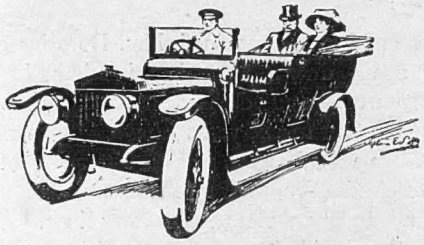
A very fine 20 h.p. Sizaire-Berwick cabriolet with full electrical installation. The body was constructed in the Sizaire-Berwick factory and is a notable essay in the art and craft of coachbuilding

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

The climax of tyre security: the limit of tyre durability

IS REACHED IN

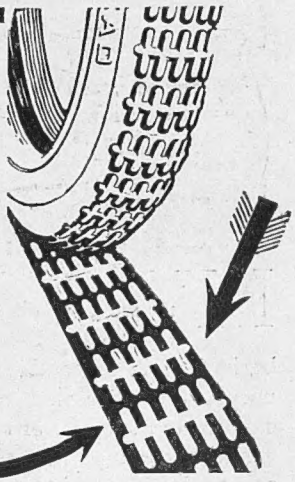
GOODRICH SAFETY TREAD TYRES



The tough rubber fingers of the Safety Tread take hold on the first symptom of a skid. They get right down to the bed of the road and *grip*.

THE B. F. GOODRICH CO., Ltd.,
Golden Lane, London, E.C.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.



SPRING in SUNSHINE

MONTE CARLO

Health and Pleasure Resort of Cosmopolitan Rank and Fashion.

IDEAL CLIMATE

Luxurious Casino. International Sporting Club. High-class Concerts under the leadership of Messrs. Jehin and Ganne. Various entertainments and attractions. Opera season in March with Signor

CARUSO.

Annual Exhibition of Paintings and Statuary.

Hydropathic Establishment with Electric and Medicated Baths, Zander Institute, Massage, Hot and Cold Baths.

GOLF LINKS, full course, 18 holes with Club House and Restaurant on the course, one of the most sporting in Europe.

Tennis Courts at Monte Carlo.

Motor Excursions to Alpine sites and numerous picturesque resorts along the French and Italian Riviera.

Simplicity in Spring Fashions

BY MRS. JACK MAY

A Typical Spring Gown

MY first picture this week affords an illuminative example of the styles we are destined to adopt. Reasonably expressed, it would be impossible to conceive anything more attractive, nor at the same time anything more diametrically opposed to the *modes* of last spring.

Needless to say, there are pitfalls to be avoided, such as unduly short skirts and an over-excessive width. From three and a half to four yards at the hem strikes a happy mean, although when soft or fine materials come to be dealt with, six yards is easily reached.

In the fine myrtle-green face-cloth which fashioned the pictured model, both skirt and tunic are incontestibly full. The latter allied to the plain-fitted corsage rather suggests redingote lines, the front of the bodice opening on a little waistcoat of putty-coloured corded silk, this lining the high collar, that is faced over with green velvet. As a whole, the scheme is wonderfully simple, with no superfluous little rag-tags and bobtails about. Indeed, the complete absence of any extraneous trimming constitutes more than half the charm.

There is quite a strong feeling for dark green, and it is likewise predicted that checks and particularly Shepherd's plaids, will be among the accepted vogues. Personally, I have yet to meet a spring that does not bring to the front a fancy for Shepherd's plaids. But this year they will be accorded a difference by an admixture of plain black cloth. The popular coat of the spring season of grace 1915, I am persuaded, will be the short sacque. As a style it has a particular affinity with both the gathered and box-pleated skirt. At the same time, the chances of its having a long life are small. Like the bolero, it is far too easily arrived at, therefore the model with the short flaring basque and a careful avoidance of any marked waistline is much more likely to please those who are fastidious. The loose fit is paramount with the up-to-date costume coat.

Novel Suggestion for a Small Girl's Frock

Desiring, as always, to get away from the beaten track where the dressing of children is concerned, Mrs. Dorothy Millar has once again drawn from her inexhaustible inventive resources, and devised a frock suitable to little girls from four to six years of age. One of the features of the model is the visible buttoning of the skirt on to the bodice, after the manner of a small boy's suit arranged on Kate Greenaway lines. While another is the double-breast fronts, with two rows of buttons, the neck and sleeves finished with hemstitched frills of soft white muslin.

There is a particular shade of green, a vivid, yet not *voyant*, hue known as "Art," and it is in this and cloth that we would suggest the little frock being made-up for the immediate moment, whereas, later on, no prettier or daintier idea could be found for casement cloth, linen, or striped cottons. There are several other characteristic touches, such as the deep-cut armhole, which provides welcome ease to restless little arms. The frock is illustrated on page xii.

A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE STYLE OF GOWN TO BE WORN THIS SPRING

DESIGNED BY DOROTHY MILLAR

The Launching of Fresh Modes

I always listen with the utmost delight, and frequently gain quite a fresh and useful point of view from men's criticisms on the new fashions adopted by women. Naturally, soldiers who have, after several months' absence, returned from the front, are peculiarly alive to the changes that have come about.

The new style of *coiffure* affords them a great amount of interest. As one remarked to me the other evening at the theatre, "Your heads are getting as neat as ours." And verily this is a fact. The immaculately swept back *coiffure* literally plastered to the head bears the closest resemblance to a cropped head. To certain small piquant faces the style is singularly becoming, while it is imperative that the ears are small and set close to the head.

There is no tentativeness about the new close *coiffure*, the front, where it is in any way possible, is swept right back from the face, with no helpful little tendrils or pin curls.

(*Continued on page* xii)

MAYZONE

STOPS FALLING HAIR & RESTORES FADING HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR.

If your hair requires a tonic MAYZONE is the one that you can rely on. It is made from a doctor's prescription and contains certain costly ingredients, which are invaluable for promoting the growth of and improving the hair

MAYZONE will be found a true friend in the case of feeble, falling and brittle hair—a tendency to scurf—greyness—loss of color—lack of lustre.

Every reader of THE BYSTANDER should test the wonderful hair restoring and tonic properties of MAYZONE. A few drops applied every night to the hair will produce a marked change for the good almost immediately.

MAYZONE is made in two forms—

Non-oily and Oily,
and in two sizes.

It is obtainable from all good Chemists and Stores, or direct from the Proprietors, post free,

2/9 and **4/10.**

THE "MAYZONE" CO.,
ROCK FERRY, CHESHIRE,
And 48, BROOK STREET, W.

BARRI MATERNITY GOWNS

ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

UNOBTAINABLE ELSEWHERE. ESPECIALLY DESIGNED TO CREATE PROPER BALANCE FOR THE FIGURE THROUGH CHANGING PROPORTIONS, AND IS CAPABLE OF THE NECESSARY EXPANSION WITHOUT REMOVAL OF ANY FASTENING. MANY DESIGNS FOR DAY OR EVENING WEAR. WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

SIMPLE MORNING FROCK OF BLACK SANTOY, WITH WHITE STARCHED COLLAR AND CUFFS, AND A NARROW PATENT BELT

PRICE 7 GNS.

DAINTY LAYETTE | **BARRI** 72, Baker St., London, W. | CORSETS BELTS

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/ 2/6 & 4/6.

Trial Bottle. 6d.

SEEGER'S SEEGEROL
FOR GREY HAIR.

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large case 2/2 post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere or direct. HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London.

Hinde's

Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

Exterminated by
'LIVERPOOL' VIRUS

RATS

without danger to other animals and without smell from dead bodies. In tins ready prepared with the bait. Virus for Rats 2/6 and 6/-; for Mice, 1/6. Of all Chemists. *Write for particulars to—*

EVANS, SONS, LESCHER & WEBB, Ltd.,
56G, Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

(*Continued from page x*)

Perfecting the Coiffure

Speaking of hair reminds me that I have recently come across several individual cases that have used with signal success that wonderful preparation, "Mayzone."

Now that hair plays so important a part in the general *ensemble*, the quality, condition, and colour all need to be kept up to a high state of perfection, as originally destined by Nature. "Mayzone," as I have before related, is possessed of extraordinary tonic properties, which stop falling hair, and, furthermore, by getting to the root of the trouble restore the natural shade, should that by some means or another have faded. The receipt belongs to one family, who have handed it down from generation to generation, and who have only recently, comparatively speaking, realised the importance of giving the world the benefit of such an invaluable preparation.

Certain ingredients used in its concoction are distinctly costly, while an improved form, an ultra-refined preparation, based on the original world-renowned recipe, is called "Mayzone *de Luxe*," and is obtainable from all high-class chemists and stores, or direct from the Mayzone Company, Rock Ferry, Cheshire, at *7s. 6d.* A few drops applied each night suffice to effect the necessary restoration, and a marked change is almost instantaneous. It is one of the most delicious and cooling preparations to use imaginable. Mayzone has unquestionably come to stay and to make history.

Condensed Milk for "Tommy"

Fresh milk is unobtainable at the front. So why not send a supply of condensed milk? Though condensed milk has formed part of the Naval ration for fifteen or sixteen years, it is not at present included in the Army ration. Furthermore, a special appeal for condensed milk, among other things, is made on behalf of the troops by the Military Forwarding Officer at the Overseas Base in France—so if you want to send "Tommy" something he would really welcome and enjoy send a supply of Nestlé's Condensed Milk. On payment of the cost of forty-eight large tins of Nestlé's or 96 half-tins you can send through your grocer an original strong export case to any unit of the British Expeditionary Force, carriage and packing free.

A NOVEL DESIGN FOR SMALL GIRL'S FROCK

DESIGNED BY DOROTHY MILLAR

Monte Carlo in War-Time

The second musical audition organised in the Salle Garnier, or Opera House, attached to the Casino at Monte Carlo for the benefit of the Red Cross Society, showed that visitors to the south of France have increased in number, for every seat was taken. The opera chosen was Bizet's *Carmen*, under the musical directorship of M. Lauweryns, of the Brussels Opera House, with the aid of Madame Charlotte Wynns, who was loudly applauded. She was admirably supported by Mr. John Sullivan as Don José, who, in his khaki-coloured regimentals as member of the Expeditionary Forces, created enthusiastic applause as he came on the stage.

"Postage Stamp" Medicines

Our readers will be interested to know that many of our officers and men at the front carry their own personal medicines. They are in the form of thin pliable gelatine sheets (called "Lamels") divided into twenty-four squares, each of which contains an ordinary dose of the medicine with which the sheet is impregnated. The makers and inventors of these ingenious sheets are Savory and Moore, London. A small letter-case, made for the purpose, will hold twelve sheets, or 288 doses of medicine, and measures only 4¾in. by 3in.

The Menu: Hints Concerning the Making of Curries

A REALLY good curry is better made with fresh meat, but capital results can be obtained from cold meat, poultry, or game. The following is excellent. Peel and slice three or four small onions, put them in a stewpan with 2 oz. of butter, and stew till quite soft; then fry them brown and take them out of the stewpan. Cut 1 lb. of cooked meat into very small pieces, and put aside. Then stir two teaspoonfuls of curry powder into the butter in the pan, and fry till all the butter is absorbed. Now put the meat and onions back into the pan with the curry powder, and pour sufficient milk over the whole to cover it well. Squeeze in a little lemon-juice, a pinch of salt, and a little pounded cocoanut (the dessicated cocoanut will do if the other is not obtainable). Let all stew very gently until the liquid is absorbed and like a paste over the meat. It is better cooked in a casserole in the oven—and *not* in a frying-pan.

A Mutton Curry (Fresh Meat)

Fry two or three onions a light brown in butter, and put them aside. Put into the butter a tablespoonful of curry-powder; let it fry until it is dry and of a dark colour, stirring it all the time. Then add 1 lb. of *fresh* mutton, cut up small, and let it try until the meat is half cooked. Then add a large teacupful of milk. Cover it, and let it cook slowly. When it has thickened, cover the saucepan, and let it stew until the gravy becomes quite thick. A few minutes before serving, squeeze in the juice of a lemon, and add salt to taste. Serve with boiled rice, and have chutney handed.

Curried Sweetbread (a White Curry)

Melt 2 oz. of butter in a stewpan, add an onion finely sliced, fry it a golden colour; add 1 oz of flour and rather more than a dessertspoonful of curry-powder; fry well together. Add three-quarters of a pint of white stock by degrees, keeping it well stirred. When the sauce is nice and smooth, add one tablespoonful of vinegar. Cut the sweetbread into pieces two inches square, and stew it in the curry sauce thirty-five minutes. Serve with a border of boiled rice.

Curry Sauce

Chop one moderate-sized onion and three apples very small, and put them in a stewpan with 2 oz. of butter, and stew gently till it will rub to a smooth paste. Add one tablespoonful of flour and the same of curry-powder, which has been well mixed together, and put it with the other ingredients, and stir gently over the fire for ten minutes. Add sufficient stock to moisten it. Give one boil-up, and pass through a sieve. It is ready for use, and can be kept in a bottle several days. It will be found very useful when a curry of hard-boiled eggs, vegetables, or meat is wanted in a hurry.

Curried Cauliflower

Break a cauliflower into flowers, and put them into boiling salted water. As soon as they are tender drain them in a colander. Dust them all over with curry-powder, and fry them in hot fat, then put them in a stewpan, pour over them a cupful of stock, and let them cook for five minutes. Squeeze over the juice of half a lemon, and serve with or without rice.

EMILIA